BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1950

2/-

NEIL BELL
RALPH ARNOLD
C. FOX SMITH
WARREN ARMSTRONG
HARRY J. GREENWALL

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

GOR-RAY COMPLETES THE PICTURE

GOR-RAY Registered

skirts one better!

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street W1

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 40 No. 1 JANUARY, 1950

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 0d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Cover Design by *Meredith*

Articles

Europe On A Dime
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Illustrations
by *R. Tooby* 9 and 56

Centenaries of 1950
by *H. J. Kirby* 10–11

Pay-off for Inventors 12 and 68

The Way of the Tides
by *C. Fox Smith* 16 and 58

The Truth about the Classic Mystery of the "Mary Celeste"
by *Warren Armstrong*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 17–20 and 72

Trampers of the Skies
by *Harry J. Greenwall*
Decorations
by *M. Lowen* 21 and 62

A Symphony of Wild Life
by *C. T. Stoneham*
Decorations
by *M. Lowen* 24 and 63

Holy Year
by *Gordon Cooper* 28–29 and 66

Wonders of the Underworld
by *H. J. Shepstone* 30–31 and 66

Books :
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 32 and 70

Home Section

Seen in Passing 33

Home Market Panorama 34–35

Good Ground-work 36–37

Simple Stitchery 38–39

Knitting :
Chequered Cardigan 40 and 68
Socks and Gloves 40 and 68

Dress :
Mixed Doubles 41

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
Substitute Sunshine 42–43
Home Set 42
Powder 43

A Machine that Earns Its Keep 44 and 67

It's the Warmest Place 45

Cookery :
by *Harriet Muir*
Party Pastry 46–47
Savoury Subterfuge 46–47 and 70
Low Temperature Cooking 47

To the Aid of the Party 48 and 67

Ask Yourself . . . 51

Home Maids 52

Stories

The General's Lady
by *Neil Bell*
Illustrations
by *Frank Lea* 5–8 and 71

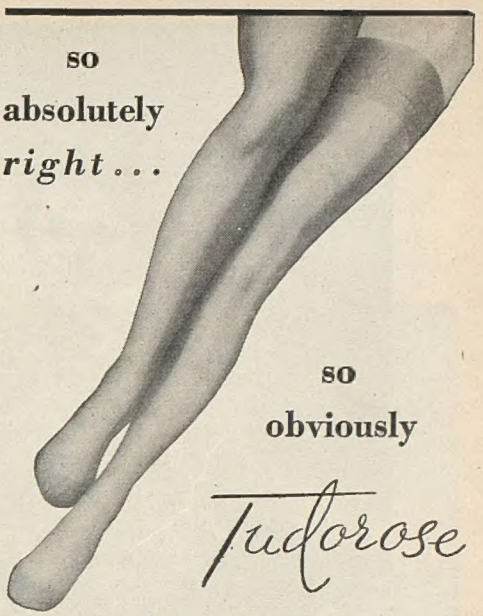
The Long Arm
by *Ralph Arnold*
Illustrations
by *Dudley Pout* 13–15 and 56

On the Spot
by *Michael Hastings*
Illustration
by *D. L. Wynne* 22–23 and 61

The Dragon and the Dreambreaker
by *Jacques Gillies*
Illustrations
by *Hutton* 25–26 and 54

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland and Foreign Postage for this Issue is 3d. Canada 1½d.



so absolutely *right* . . .

so obviously *Tudorose*

We look forward to the time when the "Women of England" will be able to share the joys of wearing these exquisite stockings.

TUDOROSE
FULLY FASHIONED STOCKINGS
IN PURE SILK, RAYON AND NYLON

STYLED IN FURS PROCESSED BY *Martin's*

IF this label is attached to the fur you buy, you can be assured that the skins have been processed by the most highly skilled craftsmen in the World.

★

ISSUED BY
C. W. MARTIN & SONS
LIMITED

EUROPE'S LARGEST FUR PROCESSERS

Leaflet 834, price 4d., post free 5d.

Templeton's 'AYR' Wools

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD., Ayr, Scotland
Worsted Spinners since 1827

W27C

Delta *for Choice*

U2663
56/-

MADE BY LOTUS

HOW ARE YOU FEELING THESE DAYS?

Vitality and vitamins go together. Without sufficient vitamins, you cannot expect to be active and energetic.

STRONGER! *The vitamin content of Crookes Halibut Oil capsules has now been increased, although the price remains unchanged. Capsules, 25 for 2/6, 100 for 8/6.*

TAKE **CROOKES**
HALIBUT OIL

C58

H·M·V — H·M·V

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED
SUPPLIERS OF GRAMOPHONES, RECORDS

BY APPOINTMENT

RADIO AND TELEVISION APPARATUS
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

The Hallmark of Quality

H·M·V — THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX — H·M·V

By Appointment
Table Salt Manufacturers

My female cousin, Mary Ann,
Is now a Free Librarian:
The book in top demand, says she,*
Is not in stock, (although it's free).
The public forms a seething scrum
For "Recipes: Jamaica Rum"
Which clearly proves the public does
Enjoy good reading, says my coz.

* Send for *your* free copy of the new booklet on Jamaica Rum. Please write to: 'Jamaica Jo,' (Dept. B.E.4.) Brettenham House, Strand, W.C.2.

It's wonderful what Jamaica Rum will do!

A bottle goes such a very long way!

The best winter food

CROSSE & BLACKWELL SOUPS

C&B FAMOUS PRODUCTS

Keep you warm inside

100% BRITISH

Daddy said he thought he'd mix something new with

Weetabix

—MORE THAN A BREAKFAST FOOD

Oh, the excitement of Weetabix cookery—even for amateurs! It goes with everything. It's wheat, malt, salt and sugar. It's all goodness. It's all ready. It's *all right!*

POPULAR PACK 9d.

MINTY

BOOKCASES *are back!*

Now that we can once again obtain the right materials, we can offer the Minty Sectional Bookcases — and at prices free of purchase tax. The Bookcases are as handsome as ever and compare favourably in every way with the pre-war standard which made the name of Minty pre-eminent in this field. Made in Oak or Mahogany, the Bookcases are available as illustrated and in many combinations which can be added to as desired.

Combination 30*N*. *Three stacks as illustrated in Oak or Mahogany, no purchase tax,* £59.3.0

Separate Stacks £13.19.0, £18.8.0, £26.16.0

The famous MINTY CHAIR

The most comfortable chair on earth! Full-sized lounge, softly sprung. Entirely new and improved method of construction. Settees also in two sizes. Models available from £11.15.0. No purchase tax.

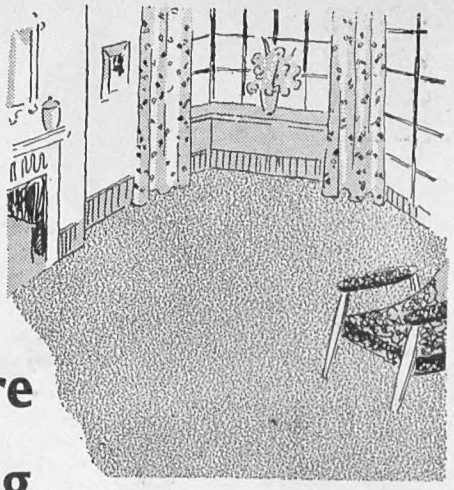
Send for illustrated folders and full particulars to

Dept. B, MINTY LTD., 44/45 High St., Oxford

Showrooms: **London, 123 Victoria Street, S.W.1**

Manchester, 7/9 Royal Exchange Arcade

Send for samples of this lovely Downshire carpeting



This needleloom hair carpet with a thick rubber backing, gives extremely hard wear, exceptional attractiveness and treading luxury. Requires no underfelt, is easily cut for fitting, lies flat and needs no sewing or binding. Available in 3 widths.

IN 9 COLOURS

ONLY 9/6 PER YARD (18 in. wide)

13/3 ,, ,, (27 in. wide)

25/6 ,, ,, (54 in. wide)

Carriage paid. Send 1/- for complete range of samples and full details.

PETER SHEPHERD & COMPANY

Dept. 9 F Kennet Side Works, Reading, Berks.

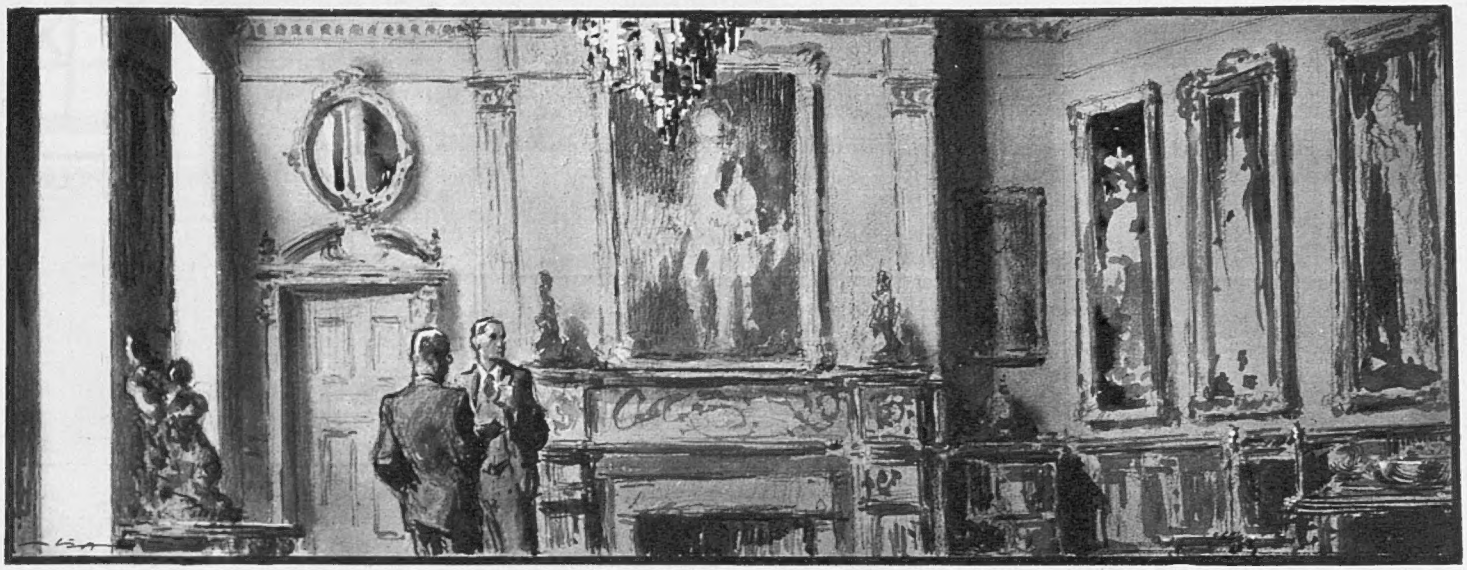
Rayon in your bedroom

You can rely on rayon to add new beauty and comfort to your bedroom. Rayon may go to make your sheets and pillowslips, your bedcovers, chaircovers, carpets and curtains. And—of course!—rayon goes to make the most attractive and practical pyjamas, night-dresses, bedjackets and dressing gowns. In the furnishings of your home and in your wardrobe, the number of fabrics made with rayon, either by itself or used with wool, cotton or silk, is very high indeed. And the list is growing longer, as more and more the beauty of rayon becomes appreciated and its versatility realised.

Courtaulds

THE GREATEST NAME IN RAYON

Courtaulds Limited, 16 St. Martins-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.



We spent the next hour or so in the huge library looking at the Courtenay portraits

The General's Lady

A Short Story

by

Neil Bell

A FEW years before the war my morning mail contained a letter from Mr. Stanley Rossitter, the chairman of directors of Messrs. Rossitter, Sons & Co., the well-known publishing house. Mr. Rossitter wrote that they were planning a series dealing with the lives of great English soldiers whose claims to remembrance had been almost completely overlooked by the Muse of History. He suggested that I should undertake the life of General Sir Warren Courtenay, Bt., who, after a distinguished military career, during which he had been awarded many decorations, was killed at Delhi during the Indian Mutiny of 1857.

The project rather appealed to me, because the present baronet, Sir Napier Courtenay, was by marriage a relative of mine, for his wife Diana's mother and my mother were second cousins. Distant and tenuous as the relationship was, it was a recognisable one, and I had, in fact, been a guest at the wedding of Sir Napier with Diana Elliston (of the Hampshire Ellistons) in 1931.

I therefore wrote to Mr. Rossitter agreeing to do the life of Sir Warren Courtenay, and about a week later a draft of the agreement was sent me for my approval and signature. There was a covering letter from Mr. Rossitter in which he suggested I should lose no time in getting in touch with my kinsman (in my letter, I must admit, I had claimed a rather nearer relationship than the facts warranted), as they were anxious to bring out a new title in the series every four months and my book would be scheduled for the following spring. It was then May.

Sir Napier Courtenay was a man of about my own age. All the Courtenay eldest sons bore as a Christian name the surname of some well-known English soldier. The Courtenay baronetcy was the third oldest in the kingdom and immensely wealthy. The estate of about 15,000 acres was near Roxton, in Bedfordshire, and the family seat there was called The Towers, a fine piece of Elizabethan architecture. During the last year of the 1914-18 war Sir Napier, a boy of eighteen, had gone straight from Eton into the Guards and, as a second lieutenant, was in France in time to be caught up in the retirement of the Allies following the German break-through in March. He took part in all the heavy fighting of the following eight months, was twice promoted in the field, several times mentioned in despatches, and awarded the M.C. After the war he served six years in India and four years in Malaya and Hong Kong. When he came home on a year's leave in 1930 he was one of the youngest colonels in the Service. On his marriage with Diana Elliston the following year he retired from the Army and went to live with his wife on the family estate.

I WROTE to him and received a most cordial invitation to spend a week at The Towers. He said he regarded the projected life of his grandfather quite favourably and would give me any assistance in his power; but that he would like to discuss the matter with me at some length, and this could best be done by a personal meeting. We had met but once (at his wedding) and I had liked him, and as the warmth of his letter seemed quite sincere, I accepted his invitation, and about ten days later set off by car for The Towers, where I spent a very agreeable fortnight, and might indeed have stayed during the rest

Illustrations by Frank Lea

of the summer, for Sir Napier and Lady Courtenay pressed me most earnestly to do so. But I could not write at The Towers. Some authors can write anywhere. I am not one of them. I must be in my own flat and in my study surrounded by all those little bits and pieces so familiar by usage. And so, after a delightful fortnight I returned to London with considerably more luggage than I had left with : the addition being two large trunks filled with papers.

I had counted upon being given access to what relevant family documents Sir Napier had in his possession ; but the most I had hoped for was to be allowed to make copies while I was there. I did not dream I should be allowed to remove to my London flat what was virtually the whole of the family papers. It was a rare and unexpected privilege, and indeed an honour. But Sir Napier was a rare and unexpected human being.

Some days after my arrival at The Towers, and subsequent to a long talk with me about the proposed life, Sir Napier said : " The family goes back to the thirteenth century but we have no portraits prior to 1438, when John Courtenay, Kt., was painted by Jan van Eyck. From then onward we have a complete record of Courtenays in portraits painted by Rubens, Holbein, Hals, Van der Helst, Lely, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Reynolds and Raeburn, down to the three portraits of my grandfather painted by Constable, by Turner, and by Cox respectively ; to the two of my father, one by Millais and the other by Burne-Jones ; and to my own two portraits, the one by Orpen, painted in 1920 ; and the other by Augustus John, the year I was married. Come along and see the whole show."

We spent the next hour or so in the huge library looking at the Courtenay portraits, and after we had been round several times Sir Napier said, " Anything strike you about them ? "

I considered for a moment. " Well, yes," I said ; " the strong family likeness is very striking, with the exception of Sir Moore Courtenay, who is much more like his mother than his father."

Sir Napier nodded. " My father was not at all a Courtenay in appearance, being, as you say, very like my grandmother. The younger brother, Stephen, ran true to stock and was a Courtenay every inch. He was only the younger by an hour."

" They were not, of course, identical twins," I said.

He laughed. " Anything but that. They were almost as unlike as brothers could be." He looked at me fixedly, his expression amused. " Anything else you noticed ? "

" You are referring to your own portraits ? "

" Go on."

" You are not particularly like your mother or your father."

" That 's understating it. I 'm not in the least like either ; nor like any Courtenay or his lady in the whole gallery. I obviously derive physically, and probably mentally and temperamentally, from an ancestor prior to the John Courtenay whose portrait van Eyck painted."

Later—I think it was the following evening—SirNapier told me more about his father and his uncle Stephen. " The Courtenay heirs have always gone into the Army," he said, " and any other sons into the Navy or the Church. And they have always been fine soldiers and tremendously keen on their job. Sir Moore, my father, must have been the first Courtenay whose enthusiasm for a military life was very tepid. It was Stephen who had the traditional Courtenay hankering. Of course, my father went into the Army. Into the Grenadier Guards. That was inevitable, liking or no liking. And once in he did very well ; quite upheld the family reputation and, ironically enough, is the family's only V.C., which he won at Majuba Hill in the first Boer War. It was at Majuba that my uncle Stephen was killed. So eager had he been for a military career that the Courtenay rule of second sons to the Navy had been waived, and he and my father were commissioned on the same day ; Stephen in the Coldstreams. Their service took them abroad to different parts of the Empire, and they met, rather dramatically, for the first time for three years, a few hours before the fighting began at Majuba. Even more dramatically, my father came upon Stephen's body lying behind a small kopje where he had crawled or been dragged to die. He was quite literally riddled with bullets, as were most of our dead that day, for the Boer rifle-fire was murderous and accurate ; and while they were all snugly entrenched, our men had to advance up the Hill without any cover at all. It was murder : just that.

" It ended my father's military career. Not because of any disgust or disillusion with the military life—for he had been prepared to be disgusted and had no illusions. It was simply that with his brother dead and himself unmarried he was the last of the line, and if the Courtenays were to survive it behoved him to take more care of himself than is possible to a soldier and to get married. And so he sent in his papers and came home. He was then twenty-seven and a major and a V.C. to boot. He found himself quite a famous hero in London and was glad to get away to his estate until the public's short memory forgot him. But he did not take a wife until 1887, when he married Barbara Legh : the Somerset Leghs and not the Devon Leighs. But it was not until thirteen years later that I was born, their first child. That was at the beginning of the second Boer War. My father had felt it his duty to rejoin his old regiment, and went out as a lieutenant-colonel. He was killed during the disastrous crossing of the Modder River. My mother did not marry again. And until Lawrie was born I was the last of the Courtenays." Lawrie was his five-year-old son Lawrence. " Lawrie, you 'll have noticed, is very like me." He smiled. " That remote Courtenay ancestor seems to have ousted the traditional Courtenay strain for the time being and is determined to reproduce himself for a generation or two."

" At least you had the Courtenay enthusiasm for the Army," I said.

" Not a bit. I hurried into the Army as a schoolboy of eighteen because it was the thing to do at Eton. I had no enthusiasm at all. Frankly, I detest the military life, and I shall be sorry if circumstances ever make necessary my return to it."

I had been at The Towers over a week and was beginning to feel that, delightful as each day was, the purpose for which I had come seemed to have been forgotten by my hospitable host and hostess. I began anxiously to call to mind some of the clauses in my contract with Rossitter's, particularly one dealing with the date of delivery of the manuscript, and I decided that those idle if enchanted days must end and that I must remind Sir Napier why I was there.

But he saved me the rather delicate task, perhaps reading (or guessing) my thoughts, or noticing my anxiety ; and one evening at dinner he said : " Don't think I have forgotten you. I 've not

broached the matter again because I thought a week's quiet in these surroundings would be very good for you after London, and you are certainly now looking rested and extremely fit. To-morrow morning we 'll really get down to the business, and if ten o'clock is not too early for you, I 'll be waiting for you in my study."

Her greeting was most affectionate and wifely : a reward to the gallant General for the hardships endured in his country's service during the past fifteen months

It was during our talk that morning that he startled me by that most unexpected offer to allow me to take all the Courtenay private papers back with me to London to examine at my leisure. But first he had talked about his grandfather : " Our birthdays were exactly, and almost to a day," he said, " a hundred years apart ; he being born on March 3, 1800, and I on March 5, 1900. He went to Rugby, which in those days was pretty tough. From Rugby to

Smiling at me from the painted canvas was the face of Sir Napier Courtenay : and as I stared at that handsome, familiar face the whole story was clear to me

Sandhurst, and from there, when he was just twenty, he was gazetted as an ensign into the Grenadiers.

" His military career was varied and exciting, as you will be able to see for yourself, for he kept a journal which, I 'm afraid, I 've barely even looked into. He spent many years in India, and in 1830 gained his majority for gallantry at Mirah Shah in a North-West Frontier engagement. In the Afghan Campaign he gained the D.S.O. in 1839 ; and four years later was made full colonel for his part in the Sind War.

" He had married in 1835 Miss Elizabeth Staines, who came of an old Sussex family which had a large estate near Brighton. There were two children of this marriage : Clive, born in the year of Queen Victoria's coronation ; and Margaret, who died in infancy, two years later.

" When the boy Clive was seven, he and his mother, who were staying in Sussex with the Staines, were both killed in a carriage accident. Sir Warren, now a major-general, hurried home from India and retired on half-pay. He lost little time in marrying again, and on his fifty-fourth birthday married Esther Colthrop, who was over thirty years his junior.

" She was a very beautiful young woman, as you will have noticed from her portraits ; but he had been married no more than a few months when the Crimean War broke out, and in November that same year he went out there as a full general. You will learn all about his year's campaigning in his journal, I have no doubt ; and in his letters to his young wife, which were, I believe, numerous. I expect they were kept. You 'll think I ought to know. I 'll come to that in a moment.

" He was at the capture of Sebastopol on September 1855 and was slightly wounded ; and as soon as he was out of hospital at Scutari, the war being virtually over, he was given indefinite leave and reached home just before Christmas. An affectionate welcome awaited him from his wife, and on September 15 in the following year the first and only children of the marriage were born ; my father, later Sir Moore Courtenay ; and my uncle Stephen. The Indian Mutiny breaking out a year later, Sir Warren offered his services, went out, and was killed before Delhi.

" That is, of course, the merest skeleton of his career, and I am sure you will find ample material to clothe it with flesh and fill it out into a true portrait of him. And now you will want me to explain why I have so neglected the Courtenay family documents. My father succeeded to the title and estate when he was just over a year old ; but it was not until he was one-and-twenty that he came into possession of the papers which had been kept locked up in the muniment room over the private chapel. Esther, his mother, had been dead many years. The story goes that she did not recover from the shock of Sir Warren's tragic death and went into a decline. But can one believe that of a young and beautiful woman married to an old man ? Hardly, I think. Nor did she die of a decline, her death being as sudden and as tragic as Sir Warren's. (*Continued on page 71*)

By Ferdinand Tuohy

DON'T take the title too literally. In the United States such use of "dime," the sixpenny piece, conveys doing things at their cheapest, and that's what many a young American—"boy" and "girl," as they continue to be referred to until verging on their thirties—is planning to do in Europe this year of mid-century.

A descending scale of income-groups is being encouraged to cross as tourists so that, in spending dollars in the "Marshall" countries, they shall directly increase the latters' sorely needed dollar holdings, and at the bottom of the list, though probably near the top for zest, will be the new young travel specialists out to take fullest advantage of the lovely dollar in the European currency markets and carefully primed in other respects on how to get about for months on sums of money which would barely pay for a couple of week-ends back home.

My introduction to the subject came from a young man seated at a neighbouring café table at Strasbourg, who informed me he was writing a college chum, telling him he could confidently cross the Atlantic for three months with 200 dollars as landing money.

On my expressing incredulity in this rapacious Europe, he elaborated on how it could be done, when the technique devolved as a medley of smuggling, currency juggling, fortunate meetings, occasional congenial stints, and knowing the ropes—rather, having these placed in one's hands from the very commencement.

"I guess lots more will be working on the same kind of budgets," said my neighbour. "One thing, we're being encouraged to come as 'young ambassadors.' No kiddin'! Seen this? Even without the encouragement, we want to give Europe the once-over while it's still around. It'd be a shame to miss it and you never know these days!"

"This" turned out to be a twelve-page leaflet entitled "Information on the Marshall Plan for Americans Going Abroad," and it provided answers to critics and hecklers likely to cross the visitors' paths.

Woe! Woe! It had to come! Tourists doing propaganda! Yet I suppose it's only sense to avert being slickly put in the wrong by the cominformed red parrots. Anyhow here it was : compact answers to such charges as that Marshall Aid is a camouflage for dumping American surpluses, for dictating what Europeans shall buy from the United States, even for colonizing Europe.

A companion leaflet advised on rules of conduct and deportment while in European countries. The gist was to bear in mind that one is in the position of a self-invited paying guest. There were ten travel commandments. Be interested. Be modest. Don't talk too much about your own country. Don't show contempt for foreign currency. Spend wisely and garner respect. Be uncritical of foreign ways of life (how canting the last three words now sound), and so forth.

"Best of all are the bistros—the little cafés where workingmen swallow gargantuanly in the back reaches"

"I just stroll down the main hill between ten in the morning and noon and play the exchanges"

I suggested that all that was necessary was a third leaflet called "Europe on a Dime," setting forth the ways and means of getting around on a few shillings a day, with which he had been acquainting me.

"That's quite an idea," was the pouncing comeback. "Might help. Know anything about printing in this burg? I'm here taking in this bull session" (the first Council of Europe).

If that go-getting young man ever went through with the idea, I hope he keeps to private circulation, since the technique starts with purchases on the other side, for smuggling among personal effects.

The best bet is to bring along something which fetches good money in Germany and Austria, each of which occupied lands are now open to tourists. If 500 black market dollars can be acquired from sale in either of them, the thing to do is to buy less than a quarter of a lb. of insulin and head for Switzerland where the insulin is vendable for three times the dollars paid for it the day before. This sets up a venturesome voyager for a whole summer's travel—and looking back, my young friend at Strasbourg was right on the German frontier!

He was also within an hour or (*Continued on page* 56)

Centenaries

MADAME TUSSAUD
of waxworks fame

DURING 1950 many important centenaries will be observed, but it is safe to say that one of the most popular persons to be remembered will be Madame Tussaud of waxworks fame. As Marie Grosholtz, the daughter of a Swiss army officer, she was left an orphan, and was early taught to model by her uncle, J. E. Curtius, of Paris. During the Revolution she modelled many people concerned—either as principals or victims—with this upheaval. The name of Tussaud came from the Frenchman she married in 1794, but from whom she soon parted. Coming to England with a collection of her wax figures she first toured the provinces, and later established herself in Baker Street, subsequently removing to the well-known premises in Marylebone Road. It is safe to say that few country people ever came to Town without visiting Madame Tussaud's, and the thrill occasioned by seeing the Chamber of Horrors (commenced long before as *Caverne des grands voleurs*) was never forgotten. Celebrities of the day, too, were always on view—for the exhibition was nothing if not up to date—and were executed in so lifelike a manner that they were not infrequently mistaken for real persons. Fortunately, Madame's own likeness has been preserved in wax, and, although she died in 1850, the name Tussaud has long become a part of London's vocabulary.

LITERARY centenaries are much in evidence and of these the somewhat tragic figure of Robert Louis Stevenson holds a high place. An ardent Scot, born in Edinburgh in 1850, he was driven abroad by ill health and ultimately settled in Samoa, where he died in 1894, at the early age of forty-four. In his short life, however, he wrote much of worth, including novels, *belles lettres* and verse. All boys, as well as their fathers, know *The Black Arrow*, *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island*, not to mention other novels equally exciting. In Long John Silver, Stevenson created a figure which will live for all time. His verse, too, was popular, and some of his "Songs of Travel" have been set to music by Vaughan Williams. Of his essays, *Travels with a Donkey* is perhaps best remembered. He married Mrs. Osbourne, a Californian, in 1880.

SILAS K. HOCKING, born in 1850, was a writer who gained almost a best-seller reputation in his day. His first work—*Alec Green*—was published in 1878, and his last, *A Modern Pharisee*, in 1907, so that he had nearly thirty years of writing to his credit. Before he resigned his pastorate he worked as a Nonconformist minister, in such widely separated places as Pontypool, Spalding and Manchester. If his success was more or less evenly spread, however, that of Jane Porter, who died in 1850, was mainly secured by her *Scottish Chiefs* published in 1810, which had an immense popularity and which is still read. Sir Walter Scott himself was much attracted by her work.

JANE PORTER
Her book *Scottish Chiefs* had an immense popularity

LUDWIG SPOHR
His oratorio *The Last Judgement* is still performed

Apart from being an authoress, she was—if contemporary portraits are to be believed—a most beautiful woman, but whether this fact increased her sales cannot now be determined.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC was, of course, one of the world's great literary figures. His output was immense, and to a long series of novels (about eighty in number) he applied the covering title of *La Comédie Humaine*. His studies of French life and character have never been surpassed. Dying in 1850, whilst still in the prime of life, the amount of work crammed into this comparatively short span was prodigious.

W. L. Courtney (born in 1850) on the other hand, achieved fame rather as a journalist than as a writer of books, but his views were much respected in his day. A fellow of New College, Oxford, he edited, at different times, both *The Fortnightly Review* and *Murray's Magazine*. For long he was also on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*.

SIR WILLIAM HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.
His statues are justly esteemed

IF Madame Tussaud worked in wax, Sir William Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. (born 1850), gained fame by carving in the much more durable materials of stone and marble. One of the best known sculptors of his time, his statues are justly esteemed. Those in London include that of Queen Alexandra in the Royal Exchange;

Of 1950

By H. J. Kirby

Gordon in Trafalgar Square; Lord Granville in the Houses of Parliament, and Cromwell at Westminster. He was also concerned with the Gladstone Memorial; the Armstrong Memorial at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the John Bright statue at Rochdale. Some of his creative work, too, was noteworthy, and he also did much work abroad. R.A. status was conferred on him in 1888.

FEW poets have expressed their thoughts in such limpid English as William Wordsworth, the principal poet of the "Lakeland School." He was a friend of both Coleridge (with whom he occasionally collaborated) and Sir Walter Scott, and lived with his sister Dorothy at Grasmere until his death in 1850. "The Excursion," "Peter Bell" and "The Waggoner" are familiar examples of his verse, whilst his famous sonnet "Upon Westminster Bridge" is known to all. In 1843, on the death of Southey, he was appointed Poet Laureate, and was in receipt of a Civil List pension from 1842 until his death.

A great sportsman is remembered in Sir Thomas Lipton, who, born in Glasgow in 1850, rose from a small shopkeeper to be head of one of the most important chains of grocery shops in the country. By nature generous, he gave abundantly to charities, but he is best known for his indomitable efforts to win the America Yachting Cup, and he built and sailed a succession of yachts—the famous *Shamrocks*—to this end. He was knighted in 1898 and created a baronet in 1903.

MUSIC is recalled by the name of Ludwig Spohr, who died in 1850. German by birth, he was not only a skilful musician, but was a composer of merit, and his oratorios—particularly *The Last Judgement*—are still performed. For over thirty years he was Kapellmeister to the Duke of Hesse-Cassel.

SIR PHILIP WATTS (born 1850) was a great naval architect whose name will ever be associated with the design of the first *Dreadnought*, which was launched in 1906. The Law is excellently represented in the person of Sir Richard Solomon, who, born in 1850, was closely identified with South Africa. For many years he was legal adviser to the Transvaal Administration, and was appointed High Commissioner for South Africa in 1910. Zachary Taylor, the twelfth President of the United States, died in 1850. His nickname "Old Rough and Ready" hardly did justice to his fine qualities as soldier and statesman. A painter is commemorated in Sir William Allan, R.A., who was a historical artist of great merit, one of his versions of "Waterloo" being purchased by the Iron Duke himself. He died in 1850.

Naturally many other centenaries will occur, such as Lord Aberconway, the industrial magnate and the poet, W. L. Bowles.

All these, and others unnamed, remind us how great men and women, though dead, still "leave their footprints in the sands of time!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
Principal poet of the "Lakeland School"

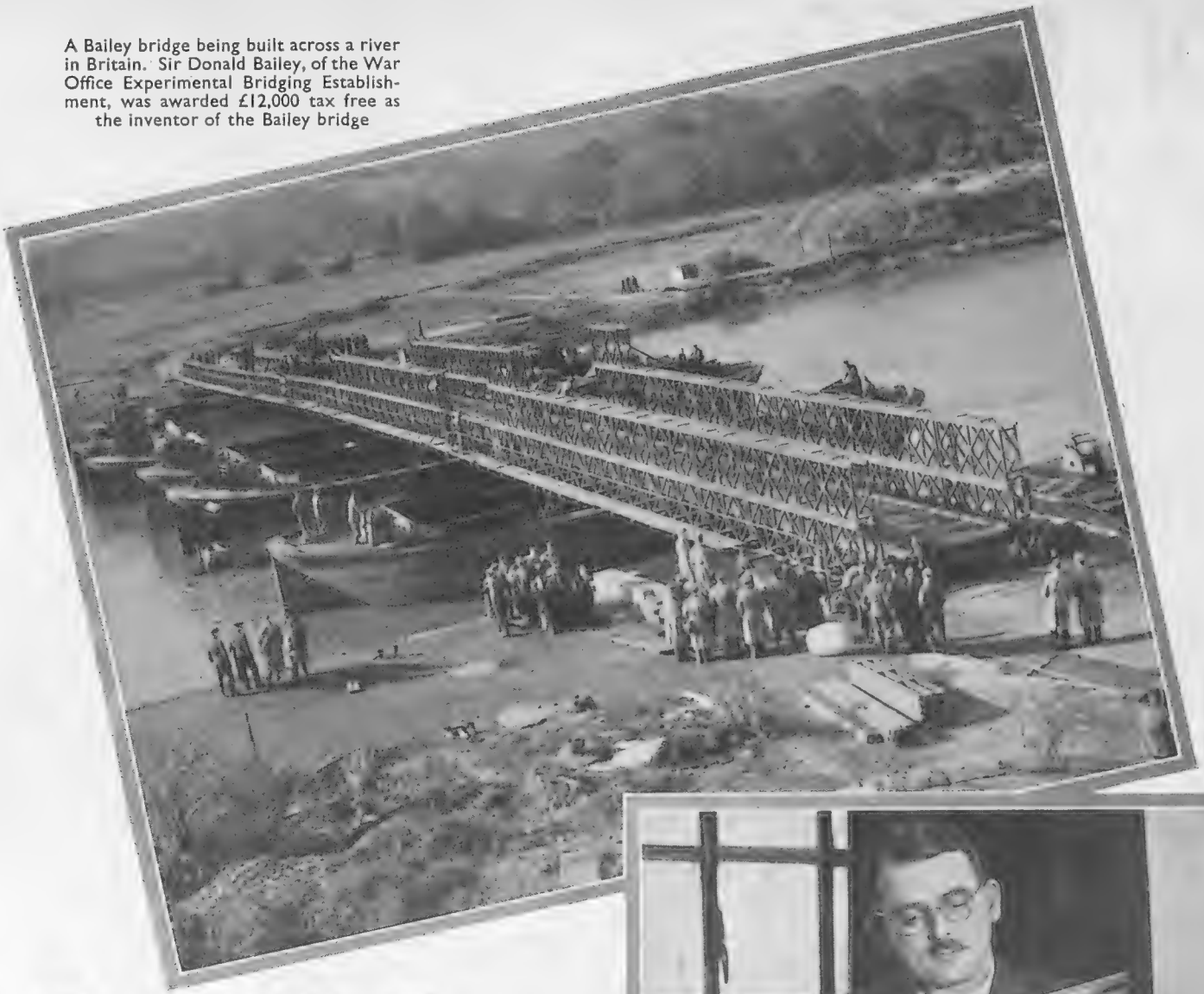
SILAS K. HOCKING
gained almost a best-seller reputation in his day

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, BT.
He gave abundantly to charities

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
he wrote much of worth

HONORÉ DE BALZAC
one of the world's great literary figures

A Bailey bridge being built across a river in Britain. Sir Donald Bailey, of the War Office Experimental Bridging Establishment, was awarded £12,000 tax free as the inventor of the Bailey bridge



Pay-Off For Inventors

By Guy Livingston

SIR FRANK WHITTLE—He never claimed an award for his invention of the jet propulsion engine, but at the suggestion of the Ministry of Supply was granted the sum of £100,000

SITTING in a room in Somerset House, London, seven men have been engaged since 1946 in a little-publicized, highly important and infinitely complex task. They are the members of the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors which, under the chairmanship of Lord Justice Cohen, has been examining the claims of war-time inventors and assessing their war-winning value in terms of cash. To do this it has heard volumes of evidence, sifted masses of blue-prints and documents and probed the secrets of devices that revolutionized the war on land, at sea and in the air.

Now, after three and a half years of receiving inventors' claims, the Commission has closed its books and is accepting no more applications for awards. This does not mean, of course, that its work is ended, for the hearing of outstanding claims may take another year. Even so, if it completes the job in less than five years it will have functioned briskly in comparison with the similar Commission that sat for eighteen years after the first World War.

Charged as it is with the responsibility of administering large sums of public money, the Commission—helped by its Investigating Committee—is bound to look at every claim with great caution. Nevertheless, it has already handed out about half a million pounds to inventors who seemed to it to have contributed outstandingly to the war effort. And that is not the whole financial story; for the Commission deals only with cases in which the claimant and the Government department concerned in his invention cannot come to terms themselves. Another £1,500,000 has been paid out direct to inventors by the Ministries.

Two million pounds—and it will be more by the time the Commission has finished—is a lot of money, but compared with our total war expenditure it is a drop in the ocean. And if there is any doubt that it is money well spent and well earned, consider how long it would have taken us to win the war—and indeed whether we could have won the war at all—without jet propulsion, the Pluto pipe-line, floating breakwaters, the magnetron, the Bailey bridge and all the other brilliant new devices that were developed in the war years.

Not all the great inventions of the war have been financially rewarded. This is because the existing system of awards to inventors does not properly apply to Government servants; so that while an independent back-room boy can win a five-figure gratuity for a privately produced invention, a State scientist, making an identical invention in the normal course of his duties may well receive nothing. The 1919 Commission applied this rule strictly, but the present body has taken a more lenient view and been ready to reward "outstanding (*Continued on page* 68)

The Long Arm

The Plot Of The Crime Story Seemed Improbable; And Even More Improbable Was The Way In Which The Detective Unmasked The Crime

By Ralph Arnold

"GOOD," said old Mr. Hither, "excellent. And the next report, Marcus?"

"The next report," Marcus Green began, "is also from Mr. Catchpole. *Flowers in a White Vase*, by Arthur Abbotswood. 'I spent two whole days,' Mr. Catchpole writes, 'on a manuscript which merits no more than a couple of minutes of anyone's time. Even as a child, Jessamine Pope dreamt of seeing her name in lights above the portal of a London theatre——'"

Mr. Hither rapped impatiently on the boardroom table.

"Need we hear any more?" he enquired.

Marcus Green shook his head.

"I don't think so. The handling of the story, Mr. Catchpole tells us, is weak and hysterical. Jessamine, you will be interested to hear, gains her heart's desire but fails to find happiness."

"I'm not surprised," Mr. Hither grunted. "Reject?"

All round the table the members of the editorial board of the publishing house of Hither and Green nodded happy assent.

"Splendid," said old Mr. Hither.

Every Thursday afternoon this eminent firm held a manuscript meeting at which readers' reports were considered; and Monica Chaplin, who had recently been taken on as an editorial assistant, was still puzzled by the fact that whereas impossible manuscripts were rejected with undisguised relish and apparent relief, the consideration of a book which they might conceivably wish to publish invariably threw the meeting into a state of inspissated gloom.

"And the next?" Mr. Hither asked hopefully.

Marcus Green frowned.

"The next report," he began, "is also from Mr. Catchpole. Our one and only Cyril has had a busy week. *Tumbrils and Tulip Trees*, by Ahearne Guiting."

"Oh dear," Mr. Hither sighed, "another Guiting?"

"Another Guiting," Marcus Green said. "It seems only yesterday that we brought out *Biers and Beeswax*."

"But it sold well, didn't it?" Monica Chaplin ventured.

"Guiting always sells well," Mr. Hither announced. "And what does our worthy Cyril think of this latest effort, Marcus?"

"He thinks well of it," Marcus Green admitted. "Very well indeed. Mr. Catchpole always lets himself go when it comes to a Guiting report. He's written pages. A long preamble that I needn't bother you with . . . 'Guiting at the very top of his form again. . . . No sign of a certain staleness and lack of invention . . . crisp treatment of an ingenious plot. . . . A crime of the highest ingenuity and detection to match——'"

"Quite so," Mr. Hither snapped, "quite so. But what is the book *about*, Marcus?"

Marcus Green began to read quickly from a sheaf of typescript. "'Sir Arthur Rudyard, eighth Baronet, an elderly and immensely wealthy invalid who is confined to his bedroom at his seat, Water Park, is looked after by a man and his wife, John and Matilda Maugersbury. The Baronet's only son has died some years previously and his heir is a charming fellow, a cousin, Dennis Bailley, who lives near Water Park and manages his elderly relative's estates. The Maugersburys are a scheming pair who have wormed themselves into Sir Arthur's good graces, and they are determined to alienate him from his heir, to whom he is deeply devoted, and to induce the old gentleman to make a new will in their favour. The Baronet's bedroom at Water Park—a handsome apartment retaining its original eighteenth

"I'VE got it," said Marcus Green. "We'll give the manuscript to Monica to read over the week-end. That will be a fresh approach"

century decoration and furnishings —looks out on to a wide lawn backed by a semi-circle of trees and, growing on this lawn, quite near the house, is an ancient and very splendid tulip tree. The Baronet sets great store by this tree which, despite seriously failing eyesight, he can see from his bedroom window. His heir, however, considers it dangerous, and has advocated cutting it down, a suggestion which has seriously disturbed and considerably upset his elderly relative. I have suggested that Sir Arthur is confined to his bedroom. This is not quite an accurate statement since, once a year——'"

Mr. Hither held up his hand.

"I always get so confused with these complicated plots," he began plaintively.

"I'm not surprised," Mrs. Jackman primly interjected. "I hardly think that the plot of this particular book would be intelligible to anybody."

Mrs. Jackman looked after Hither and Green's considerable juvenile list and fancied herself, on the side, as an amateur of detective fiction.

"Goodness," Marcus Green ejaculated, "have you read the manuscript, too, Mrs. Jackman?"

"Certainly," Mrs. Jackman said. "My report is there. It's very short. I knew that Mr. Catchpole had already outlined the story at quite unnecessary length."

Marcus Green scuffled in his heap of papers.

"Ah, here we are. Mrs. Jackman on *Tumbrils and Tulip Trees.* 'This story is ruined, in my view, by a far-fetched and utterly impossible plot. If the Maugersburys had succeeded—which I cannot credit—in their ruse to induce their employer to alter his will and had they then murdered him, no power on earth could have brought their crime home to them. The publication of this story would injure the reputations both of the author and of Hither and Green.'"

Mrs. Jackman's mouth was like a rat trap.

"An impasse," Mr. Hither announced. "Mr. Catchpole thinks it Guiting's best book; Mrs. Jackman considers it his worst."

"I have thought for some time," Mrs. Jackman observed acidly, "that, living as he does buried in the country, Mr. Catchpole tends to be a little out of touch with reality."

"Possibly," Mr. Hither said, "possibly. And it's a bore, of course, having to send all the manuscripts down to him in Grebeshire. But still, Catchpole is a very reliable reader, a very reliable reader, indeed. After all, he's been reading for us now for more than fifteen years. The arrangement started, as you may remember, quite by chance. He just wrote to us out of the blue, proffering his services. . . ."

Mr. Hither stopped, sensing a lack of interest in this vein of reminiscence.

There was an awkward pause.

"Am I right in thinking," Monica Chaplin ventured, "that Ahearne Guiting is a pen-name?"

"That is so," Mr. Hither said. "We invariably advertise him as the outstanding enigma in the field of detective fiction. All our business with him—or her—is conducted through the medium of a literary agent. Marcus, I believe, has a theory that the pseudonym disguises the identity of a retired archdeacon."

"I used to think that," Marcus Green admitted modestly. "Now I'm inclined to believe that he may be a master of hounds."

"So that it would be rather difficult," Monica went on, "to make any suggestions about modifying the story."

"I suppose that we could approach the agent," Mr. Hither said pessimistically.

Marcus Green slapped the table with the flat of his hand.

"I've got it," he said. "We'll give the manuscript to Monica to read over the week-end. That will be a fresh approach. And next Thursday we'll have yet another report to think about."

"I'll do my best," Monica said nervously; well aware that the redoubtable Mrs. Jackman was gazing at her with a distinctly jaundiced eye.

"THIS week-end," Monica announced, "I've been given the manuscript of a detective novel to read."

She was staying, as she often did, with her aunt and uncle.

"Phooey," Colonel Chaplin observed. "I read 'em by the dozen, and there's hardly one that makes sense. Come to that, reading the things amounts to a national vice. Puts ideas into people's heads. Case in point this week. A chap comes to me and quite solemnly announces that he wants to dig up his old aunt. An exhumation order, no less. And

Illustrations by Dudley Pout

why? Just because, if you please, she had cut him out of her will and had died shortly afterwards. Doctor was perfectly satisfied—death from natural causes. But no, that's not good enough for him. I told the fellow straight, if everyone who was dissatisfied with their aunts' wills started asking to have them exhumed——"

Monica looked at her uncle.

"Anything in it?" she inquired.

Colonel Chaplin looked momentarily disconcerted.

"Might be," he admitted. "I'm puzzled. He seemed a decent kind of fellow. Impressed me, I'm bound to say. This old aunt of his suddenly and for no apparent reason announced that he had done her an irreparable injury, that she would never, never speak to him or mention his name again, and made a new will leaving her tidy little fortune to the couple who had been looking after her. Three days later she died in her sleep. The nephew's idea is that the couple first tricked her into making this new will and then bumped her off. The old lady was more or less of an invalid—confined to her bedroom and so on; might have gone off any day or might equally well have hung on for years. I had a word with her doctor. He agrees that the 'X's'—better call the couple that, as all this is strictly libellous—*might* have given her an overdose of her sleeping drug; and of course a post mortem would show that. On the other hand he's satisfied that when the old girl made this new will she was perfectly clear in her head. Both he and the lawyer who drew the will up are emphatic on that point. They thought that the nephew really had done his aunt an injury. The nephew denies it point blank and challenges the 'X's' to say what the supposed injury was. The 'X's' shrug their shoulders and say that they don't know."

"ASKING a lot of questions, aren't you, Monica?" Colonel Chaplin grumbled. "The answer to the last one happens to be 'Yes'"

"What are the 'X's' like?" Monica asked.

Colonel Chaplin screwed up his nose.

"Slimy," he said. "He's an elderly man. Well educated. Scholarly type. I didn't like either of them."

"Is there going to be an exhumation order?" Monica demanded.

"Don't know," her uncle said. "You run along now and read your nice deteccer."

THAT evening, after dinner, Colonel Chaplin gave his niece a glass of port.

"Finished your manuscript?" he asked.

Monica nodded.

"Any good?"

"I'm not quite sure," Monica said. "About your old lady and the 'X's.' May I ask you some questions?"

Colonel Chaplin raised his formidable eyebrows.

"It's a free country," he announced.

"Was she short sighted?"

"I believe she was. Not blind, you know, but eyes pretty dim, and so on."

"What sort of a house did she live in?"

"Villa in one of these between-wars building estates. You see dozens of 'em all over the country."

"When she made this new will, did she announce that she was never going to leave her bed again?"

The colonel nodded. "I believe she did," he said.

"To what extent, before that, had she been bedridden?"

"She wasn't. She used to move about her room, sit in a chair looking out of the window and so on."

"Did she ever leave home? Go on an expedition of any kind?"

"As a matter of fact she did. Once a year the 'X's' used to carry her downstairs and pop her into their car and take her to see her son's grave on the anniversary of his death. He was buried about twenty miles away."

"Had they made one of these expeditions shortly before she altered her will?"

"Asking a lot of questions, aren't you?" Colonel Chaplin grumbled. "The answer to the last one happens to be 'yes.' They'd set off tomb-gazing the day before she drew up this new will, but she had a slight heart attack in the car on the way, so they brought her straight home again." (*Continued on page* 56)

Chesil Beach, Dorset. This remarkable beach of shingle stretches for eighteen miles from Portland to Abbotsbury. The roar of the sea on this beach, even under normal conditions, can be a pretty terrifying thing

The Way Of The Tides

By C. Fox Smith

IT is one of the most curious paradoxes in that paradoxical thing, the English character, that—at a rough guess—nine out of ten of this island race who do not happen to live within smell of salt water, and even a good many who do, have no more than the haziest idea of what the tides do. The number of people, for instance, who think that spring tides occur in the spring of the year is really surprising, not to say shocking; as also the number who think the tide rises and falls at about the same time every day.

Hence most of the bathing accidents at our seaside resorts, of which a very large proportion are due to the victims electing to enter the water at the wrong state of the tide, completely ignorant of the fact that even the strongest swimmer in a corporation bath is helpless in the grip of the terrible undertow. People who know the sea have a wholesome respect for it. It is those who don't who pull King Neptune's whiskers and poke him in the ribs—and then are both hurt and surprised when he resents the familiarity.

Yes, the tide, even under normal conditions, can be a pretty terrifying thing, witness the roar of the sea on the Chesil Beach or the Pebble Ridge at Westward Ho! when the tide's on the turn, or the "cruel, crawling tide" over the levels of the Dee estuary, or that other less-renowned danger-spot, the Solway sands. In such places Longfellow's words are too often true—"nevermore Return the traveller to the shore, And the tide rises, the tide falls."

The Severn Bore at Minsterworth, Gloucestershire. Twice a year in early March and early September the tide coming up with great velocity produces a wave or bore which is sometimes five or six feet high

(*In centre*) An abnormally high tide on the River Thames made ships ride high above the road level of the Embankment

AS a general thing, however, people in this country see little of Nature in her most ferocious moods. But it has not always been so. Amid the green peace of the "windy levels" where the sheep graze, and where once Old Winchelsea stood, it is hard to imagine that night of terror and destruction seven hundred years ago, when a great storm and high tide broke upon the thriving town. "On the first day of October" (thus Holinshed, the chronicler) "the moon, upon her change, appearing exceeding red and swelled, began to show tokens of the great tempest of wind that followed, which was so huge and mightie both (*Continued on page* 58)

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CLASSIC MYSTERY

OF THE

MARY CELESTE

Written by WARREN ARMSTRONG

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW

Colfax, the builder of the ship, named her *Amazon*, and plastered the Halifax, Nova Scotia, wharfside with posters announcing the ship for sale

Almost everybody has read, or heard, at least one version of the strange story of a certain ship, found " abandoned " in mid-ocean, with a hot meal untouched, " tastefully laid " in her main cabin. Hundreds of possible " explanations " have been hazarded concerning the " fate " of her crew. Here are the facts.

TO Fundy Bay sailormen who looked her over critically as she slowly took shape, she was just another " wedge-headed Baltimore clipper," a derisive comment elaborated by the remark : " She *might* pay her way on the coast, but she 'll never see deep water ! "

If Henry Matthew Colfax ever overheard those opinions he could not have cared less ; he was building the ship to the exact specifications of Fraser Trenholme and Co., of Wilmington, Carolina, and what *they* might think of the finished job would be no concern of his. She was scheduled for the coastwise trade, that much Colfax knew ; what he was not to know until eleven years later was that he had constructed a vessel around which an epic " mystery," a world-shaker of its kind, was to be written, and with a score of variations.

Fraser Trenholme and Co. intended naming the vessel *James B. Matthews*, but on the outbreak of the Civil War they could find no use for her, and left her on the hands of the builder. Colfax immediately named her *Amazon*, plastered the Halifax, Nova Scotia, wharfside with posters announcing : ". . . she is well-builded of selected materials, copper-fastened ; will carry a large cargo and sail fast. Of 282 tons gross, 96.4 ft. long at the water-line, 25.5 ft. beam. To be sold all-standing, by negotiation." She went to Henry Winchester, partner in a New York company, for nearly 11,000 dollars, and was thus entered in the U.S. Registry of Shipping. But her career was already sealed.

Sold to Folkhorn and Syers in 1863, for a while she carried coal along the New England coast ; then, during the closing stages of the war she was laid-up neglected in a Philadelphia yard, from

With the help of Hullock, Captain Briggs lashed the drunken Venholdt to a capstan and left him there

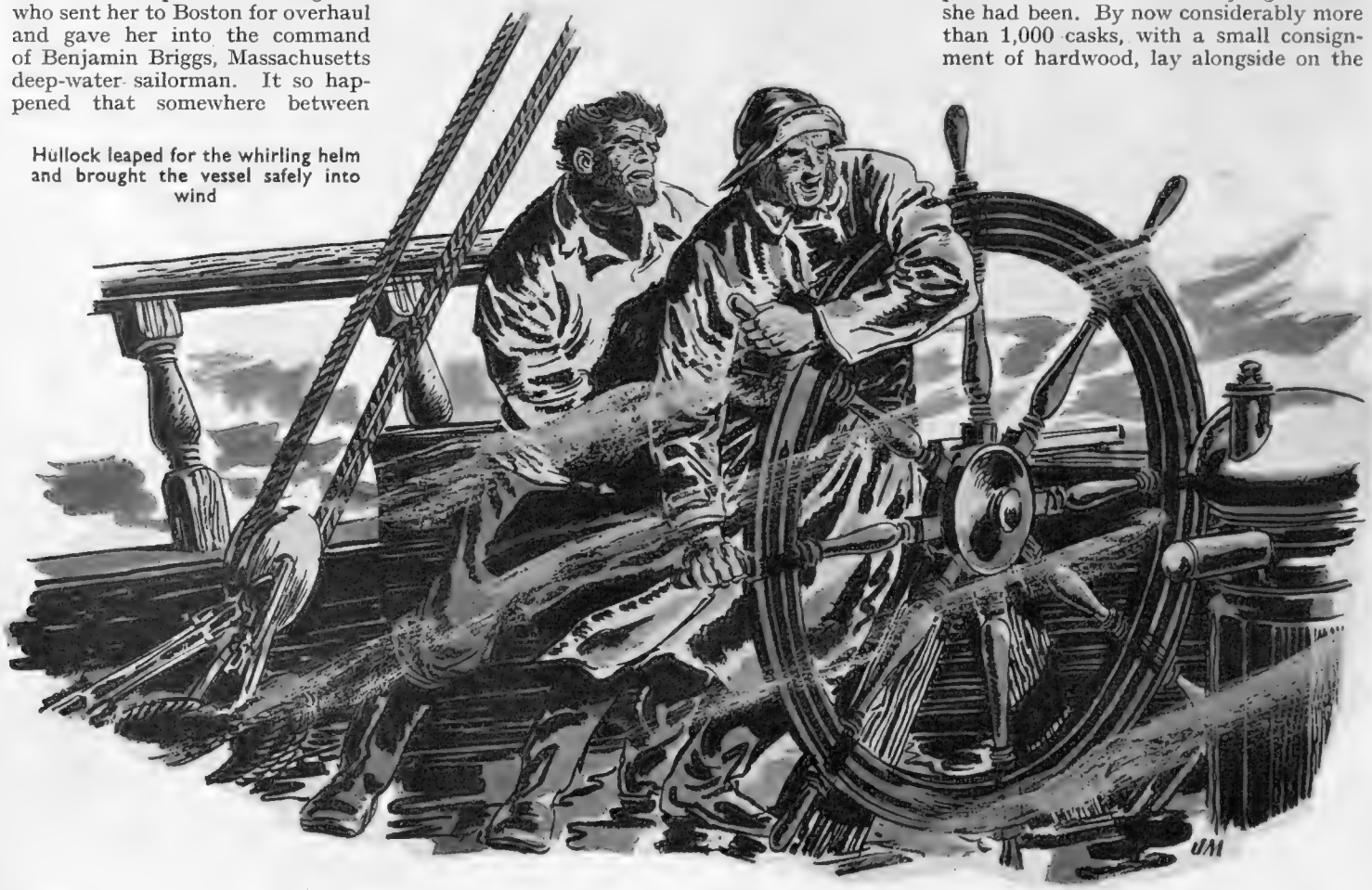
which she emerged with a new coat of paint to " mouch " between Philadelphia and Mobile hunting pay-loads, with little success. Offered for sale at breaking-up price, scorned because of her poor condition, surprisingly enough in March 1867 she was chartered by Bremmer Bros., New York exporters and agents, who sent her to Boston for overhaul and gave her into the command of Benjamin Briggs, Massachusetts deep-water sailorman. It so happened that somewhere between 1869 and 1871 Briggs married an uninspiring little mouse of a New Jersey girl, Mary Sellars; and almost immediately he stepped aboard his new command the U.S. *Journal of Shipping* carried an announcement: " The brig *Amazon* will change her name to *Mary Sellars* unless objections to the proposed change are lodged within 7 days."

Thereafter—always suspect by U.S. maritime officials as " disgracefully overladen "—the *Mary Sellars* did reasonably good trade along the coast, and in 1870, with a cargo of railroad track consigned to a Frenchman, reached Brazil, where that particular son of France, either playfully or in ignorance, spoke consistently of the ship as *Marie Celeste*. Thus, when she returned to New York she was re-registered under the style of *Mary Celeste*, the English Christian name being retained by her owners as a belated, mollifying tribute to the protesting Briggs.

She lay alongside a New York wharf early in September 1872, with no immediate prospect of a cargo, and, economically-minded, Briggs paid-off his crew with the exception of Liverpool-born John Pemberton, cook, whom he retained to act as watchman-" hash-slinger." One month later the vessel moved to a loading wharf already stacked high with cargo destined for Mediterranean ports. Again with an eye to costs, Briggs wanted no longshore hands to work his cargo, intending to reserve the task for his crew, under Henry Bilsom, whom he had signed as mate. But this worthy failed to persuade seamen to join on this condition, told Briggs so, and deserted, whereupon the captain sought out and found an acquaintance of earlier days, a mate named Hullock, a smart sailorman and, as Briggs was well aware, former sweetheart of his wife.

True to type, Hullock turned-to, cleaned the ship, repainted her, tarred her lines, shone the brasswork until she presented a far less unlovely figure than she had been. By now considerably more than 1,000 casks, with a small consignment of hardwood, lay alongside on the

Hullock leaped for the whirling helm and brought the vessel safely into wind



Mrs. Briggs was dead. Pemberton had helped the Captain shift the heavy instrument, but there was no hope for the unfortunate woman

quay, but neither Briggs nor Hullock succeeded in finding a new crew. At last, in sheer desperation, Briggs engaged a master-porter, who, with a gang, loaded the little ship until her deck was clear of the water only by 3 *inches* !

Astern of the *Mary Celeste* lay another vessel, the British 460-ton barquentine *Dei Gratia,* weather-scarred and in poor trim ; nevertheless, she had a full complement of seamen, though no cargo ; to her master, Captain Moorhouse, whom he knew, Briggs unfolded his tale of woe, and a deal was suggested by Moorhouse. He would willingly load in his own ship the " over-cargo " which the *Mary Celeste* would be forced to leave on the quayside, and, in exchange, he would loan Briggs three capable A.B.s to help work the *Mary Celeste part* of the way to Genoa. Briggs toyed with the idea ; if he accepted, with much of the dangerous overload removed from his ship, he might be tempted to invite his wife to accompany him across the Atlantic. And so he agreed, leaving Moorhouse to visit the offices of the U.S. Shipping Commission, where he hoped to make up the remainder of his crew from among registered seafaring men.

Although the officials made vague promises they produced no men, and Briggs next visited a notorious crimp, Duncan Finlay, seeking his help. True to type, Finlay had no time for captains who played ball with both Shipping Commission and rogues of his class . . . and here was a chance, anyway, to rid himself of a shanghaied landlubber, a giant of a man believed to be a farm labourer, Carl Venholdt, whom Finlay had described to a friend only that morning as " a raving lunatic who ought to be locked up in a cage ! " At the end of that day Finlay had produced three men : a bo'sun-carpenter

With landfall in sight, Venholdt demanded that the mate give him the chance to get his own back, and felled his adversary with the same bucket as used on his own head

named Jack Dossell, a Nova Scotian ordinary seaman, Peter Sanson, and Venholdt, the latter being dumped unceremoniously aboard the *Mary Celeste* " filled to the brain-box with booze." Then, with the three A.B.s from the *Dei Gratia* completing the tally, and with his wife safely aboard, at dawn, November 7, 1872, towed by a tug which she shared with the brig *Victoria*, bound for Britain, the *Mary Celeste* left New York, outward-bound. The *Victoria* was never seen again from the moment she cast her tow-line.

Aboard the *Mary Celeste* now were: Captain Briggs, his wife, J. Hullock (mate), Jack Dossell (bo'sun), Peter Sanson, O.S. Venholdt, O.S. John Pemberton (cook), and three A.B.s from the *Dei Gratia*, Tom Moffat, Charlie Manning and Bill Hawley. A piano, of the cottage type, small but very heavy, belonging to Mrs. Briggs, and which Hullock protested ought never to have come aboard, was lashed to a bulkhead in the main cabin. And then things started to happen. . . .

The drunken Venholdt tumbled up to Hullock and demanded that the ship be put about and that he be set safely ashore; blows were exchanged until, bloodied and bruised, Venholdt was driven forrard to " lend a hand." He fell violently seasick, recovered, and informed the crew he intended " breaking the back of that —— mate " immediately he felt really well. Sanson nodded and grinned, unsheathed a bowie-knife, handed it to Venholdt, who seized it, went on deck, accosted Captain Briggs, knocked him down and threatened to cut him into " little strips." With the help of Hullock, however, Briggs overcame the infuriated giant, half-stripped him, kicked and then dragged his battered body to the peak, lashed it to a capstan and left him there, victim to icy spray, half-drowned by frequent plunging of the vessel.

By dawn Venholdt had freed himself and staggered into the galley, begging Pemberton for a meal, but the cook said his orders were to supply a mug of boiling water only. It seemed to fortify the half-frozen man, who leaned idly against the galley door and told the cook he might be prepared to work his passage providing he could possess the captain's wife for himself when he felt so inclined. . . .

For November, the weather held good, and the voyage might well have been comparatively uneventful *but for that piano.* On the sixth day out from New York the mate told Briggs: " No seaman can work or sleep properly with all this —— piano-playing by that —— hen! " Blows were exchanged, ending in honours for neither man; then the enraged Hullock fell foul of Manning, struck at him viciously, a signal for the waiting Carl Venholdt to appear and join in the battle. After this episode it became apparent that Briggs was getting nervy; he skipped his duties—so did the mate, for that matter; only the seamanship of the three *Dei Gratia* A.B.s kept the vessel to her true course.

Fourteenth day out, however, the weather broke, a hurricane squall struck the ship savagely, wrenched the wheel from the hands of Sanson and threatened disaster. Hullock leaped for the whirling helm, brought the (*Continued on page 72*)

Trampers Of The Skies

By Harry J. Greenwall

SOMETIMES when you are in an ocean going liner, or maybe just crossing the Channel, you look over the taffrail and idly glance at a steamer ploughing her way through the water; pitching, rolling and tossing.

"A tramper," someone will say; then your eye strays back to your book, but maybe just for a few seconds you think of the ship and the life of the crew; perhaps enviously, perhaps pityingly. The errands from port to port picking up cargoes; the gay colour, or the sordidness of sailors' lodgings. But after all, you may think to yourself, it has been going on for a long time. It has and no doubt it will continue for a long time yet, but during the past three years a sturdy rival has been growing up; the sky tramper; a rival of which more and more will be heard.

In Europe two countries are pioneering in sky tramping; Britain and France. Britain, despite the stranglehold of nationalisation and bureaucracy, is leading. We have between fifty and sixty charter firms operating; they vary from small concerns with just one or two planes, to comparatively large companies, operating between twenty and thirty planes. Mr. H. R. Gillmann, Secretary of the British Air Charter Association tells me that red tape is seriously affecting the development of the aerial taxi service which aims to take passengers anywhere at all—"distance no object"—at twenty-four hours' notice, but owing to the prior notice of flights regulations, departures are delayed anything from three to five days.

The legislation that nationalised British air traffic definitely penalized the development of private enterprise (*Cont. on page* 62)

On

"ESTEEMED friend," said Ku Wei, "you look like a man with a load of sorrow and insufficient family to carry it for him."

Wang Fu, sitting on the bench outside the inn, sighed. "I was contemplating those mounds on the hill slope," he explained. "No doubt they mark the last resting-places of the ancestors of these hard-working, poverty-afflicted villagers. . . ."

"Such an expression of sympathy is a credit to your good nature," said Ku. "I recall a teaching of Confucius that the feeling of commiseration is the principle of benevolence."

"My thoughts were more personal," Wang confessed.

"SHE has intelligence as well as beauty," said Ku. He glanced at the girl riding a little ahead

The Spot

A Short Story By Michael Hastings

"I was wondering with what words I should greet my own ancestors. The meeting, I fear, will not be long delayed . . . within three hours of our arrival at the illustrious governor's *yamen*, I imagine."

Ku stood in silence for a minute, fingering his small straggling beard.

"True," he admitted. "His Excellency may well offer you as an appeasement to his anger. But take comfort; he will order your hasty departure from the world with regret; he is a kindly man at heart."

"Woe!" lamented Wang, "that I should have believed reports which were untrue. Alas! that I should have promised to bring to His Excellency the most beautiful and virtuous girl in the five provinces."

"There is consolation in the thought that you have kept half of your promise," said Ku. "The girl is so plain that her virtue cannot be in doubt. Temptation comes the way of the butterfly, not of the dull-shelled beetle. But, my friend, instead of casting down your eyes in despair, you should have permitted your gaze to wander. Surely, this Kweifei was not the only daughter in the village."

"Assuredly not. Her father might have been the subject of the saying that there is no thief like a family of five daughters ——"

"Then one of the others——" Ku suggested.

Wang sighed. "At least it is to her credit that she has no squint, that she is not as fat as a barrel, that she does not limp, and that her feet are not the size of sampans."

"What a pity that I was not in time to join you at the village," said Ku. "It ill becomes me to boast; but circumstances justify the comment that in my travels I have never failed to gather the finest blooms. You are too much a scholar, my friend; too little a man of the world."

"Even you would have gone hungry in such a village," Wang retorted. "It is truly said that in bad years the children of the people are mostly bad. Times there can never have been anything but ugly."

"But your friend who advised you of these things," said Ku, "surely has rendered you a great disservice. In your place I would have prescribed a diet of his words for him—and seen to it that he had no other nourishment."

"Liang Fei aroused my compassion more than my anger," said Wang sadly. "He was but endeavouring to extricate himself from the serpent coils of debt. Kweifei's father is a money-lender, though so poor is the village that it is doubtful if the loans will be repaid to his great-grandsons."

"For all that," said Ku wisely, "your friend has merely handed the serpent to you. I never thought that when I was instructed to meet you, I should be conducting you to (*Continued on page* 61)

A Symphony Of Wild Life

By C. T. Stoneham

IT was still dark when I left my Nairobi hotel and found the taxi waiting in the street, the native driver asleep inside. He had probably been there most of the night. I roused him, and within a minute of opening his eyes we were under weigh.

The night was clear, full of stars, and warm as an English summer evening. In exactly ten minutes I was deposited at the gate of the National Park, and my taxi fled off back to town.

A pair of natives approached from their huts, and, on learning I was to meet the Warden there, retired again, leaving me to solitude and a small sandy cat. I stood eating sandwiches, sharing them with the cat, who polished my shoes industriously. It was ten past six, the sun would not rise for twenty minutes. But grey mysterious light was beginning to steal over the Athi Plains, and the pinnacled N'gong Hills took shape in the distance.

The scene was desolate; the veldt is vast and lonely. The rains were late, and the vista of grey brittle grass and stunted thorns seemed empty of all life.

The dawn came quickly, light flooded the veldt and the sun rose in fiery splendour. A light truck drew up beside me; Ken Beaton, the Warden, said: "I used to know you, twenty years ago, in Sotik."

We talked about old times and mutual friends. But no time was to be wasted, I got in beside him, and we drove slowly off along a smooth track over the veldt.

"It's forty square miles," he (*Continued on page* 63)

The Dragon and the Dreambreaker

Agatha, A Career-Minded Girl, Who Made The Dragon's Dream Come True

By Jacques Gillies

AGATHA was looking for Wog. She went out of the hotel and walked along the rock promontory. Stepping easily between the sun-bathing mattresses (part of the hotel service) she arrived at the springboard. Wog was asleep.

He was asleep in the shadow of the springboard, his sunburned figure loosely coiled. A yellow towel covered his head and shoulders and a leather writing-case, contents half-spilled, lay alongside him. Agatha carefully bestrode the sleeper and tipped her head delicately to aim the ball at the bump that showed his head.

"Wake up, Wog," she called softly and let it drop.

The effect was alarming. The body jerked erect and the legs, making a scissors motion, sent Agatha off her balance. She sat down heavily on the built-up concrete, biting her tongue.

"Oh, Wog, . . ." she said, looking up. The words died away on her lips.

It wasn't Wog.

The yellow towel framed a fiercely interrogative face. Brows were drawn, eyes glittered, teeth ground.

"Well?" said the owner of the face, finally articulate.

"I'm terribly sorry. I was mistaken."

"Obviously."

"I've bitten my tongue." Agatha thought this might mitigate the offence.

It didn't. He said "Most women can spare an inch of tongue."

Agatha was pink. "Some people could do with better manners and a little understanding."

"You're talking like a Jane Austen heroine. Chivalry went on holiday when women demanded equal rights. You can't have your cake——"

"This is a very silly conversation."

"That is a silly and entirely feminine remark. Fatuity is not on holiday apparently."

"Oh, bosh!" Agatha got to her feet.

The young man lay down again and closed his eyes. "When you woke me," he murmured, "I was dreaming of a charming young lady whom I was about to meet. I want to get back to her. Funny how dreams never happen . . ." his voice tailed off drowsily.

Agatha looked down at him in extreme exasperation. This was heightened by an impertinent expression that grew about his lips.

She walked slowly back to the hotel. Wog was sitting just inside the sun lounge looking generally immaculate. He rose to meet her, carefully uncrossing his legs so that the crease of his linen trousers shouldn't suffer.

She said, "I missed you and met a dragon."

"Sorry. I came in an hour ago. Too hot." He signalled a passing waiter. "Have a drink?" He wasn't interested in her dragon.

The waiter fluttered a white cloth across the table and stood alert. Waiters always did things like that for Wog.

Agatha sank back in the cane chair. "I'd like orange juice."

Wog looked at her across the rim of his glass. "Working to-morrow?"

"All day."

"The slave of fashion. I'll be glad when the carnival's over."

"Why? I'm going back to London then."

"I hope not. We could be married in Nice."

"You forget what I've told you. I'm a career girl."

"You've played about with career enough. We could have a wonderful time here."

"But I'm going back to London." A small angry feeling was pricking her. She was not playing about. She had recently become a fashion editress and she intended to be an extremely successful one.

AGATHA watched the waves winking back at the moon. "To-morrow's the last day. I shall miss all this"

Illustrations by W. S. Hutton

"You'll change your mind." Wog was confident.

The anger mushroomed suddenly inside her. "I shall not change my mind." Wog was being insufferable which was one of his drawbacks only recently come to view. A small silence fell between them. Over his shoulder Agatha watched the long shadow of a mimosa tree making a pattern on the lawn outside. She was looking into the past when Wog had been charming and less persistent. They'd met at a fashion parade in the Dorchester and Wog had followed her ever since.

It had all been rather romantic, and when she had got her new job and been sent off immediately to the fashion carnival at Nice, Wog had insisted on bringing her. It had been fearfully nice to begin with but now Wog was becoming possessive and rather a bore. He had too much money and it gave him an aggressive certainty that he could obtain things that were beyond monetary values. Agatha Pentecost regarded herself as being amongst these things.

A tall figure in a striped beach robe crossed her line of vision bringing her eyes back into focus. She watched him check and change direction.

He came over to their table. Wog looked up with a questioning shadow in his eyes. Agatha looked straight ahead.

A brown hand put the rubber ball on the table precisely between them. A resonant voice said, "Here's your ball, Dreambreaker."

"Thank you." Agatha's voice was coldly polite. "I thought Chivalry was on holiday?"

"He is. This is Indiscretion. I'm sure you meant to leave it."

Agatha felt the blood rising to her face. "How dare you. . . ."

Wog got to his feet. "Look here, whoever you are. . . ."

The stranger was already gone, crossing the lounge. Agatha watched his tall figure pass into the lift.

Wog was frowning. "Who the devil is he?"

"A man I met on the promontory. May I have a cigarette, please?"

Wog passed his case. "He's got a confounded nerve, speaking to you like that. What did he mean, anyway?"

"I think he meant to interest me." She bent her head to the lighter so that Wog shouldn't see the smile in her eyes. "I'm not certain he hasn't succeeded."

"Oh well," Wog's voice was complacent, "he didn't seem very dangerous." His chair scraped back. "Look we'd better change. Let's take the car after dinner and drive into the hills. There's a cabaret——"

"You forget I'm working to-morrow."

"Don't be stuffy. We'll be home early."

Agatha got to her feet and picked up the ball. "Sorry. You know the rules, Wog." She said it absently. She was thinking of something else.

Wog followed her across to the lift. "But one night won't hurt. Rules were made to be broken occasionally."

"So were dreams." Agatha smiled fleetingly.

The lift doors opened and they passed inside.

AGATHA, with her back to the band, saw him come into the dining-room over the well-cut perfection of Wog's shoulder. His eyes were preoccupied and he carried a book under his arm. She watched the head waiter install him at a table across from them. His eyes lifting suddenly over the menu discovered her.

Miss Pentecost became interested in her plate. Wog was talking. "I can't understand you Agatha, slogging your life away like Cinderella when I could make you Queen of the May."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that." She moved uncomfortably in her chair.

Wog leaned further across the table. "I know you don't like listening, Agatha, but I'm only trying to talk sense into your pretty head. Also I want to warn you that one of these days I'll get tired of talking and I'll do something about it."

Agatha looked up quickly. "I hope you won't do anything silly."

"Depends on how you look at it."

"If it depends on how *I* look at it then I hope I shall be consulted before, as you say, you do something."

"You seem to think that because you work you can't ever have any fun. If you had some fun your work would probably be the better for it." (*Continued on page* 54)

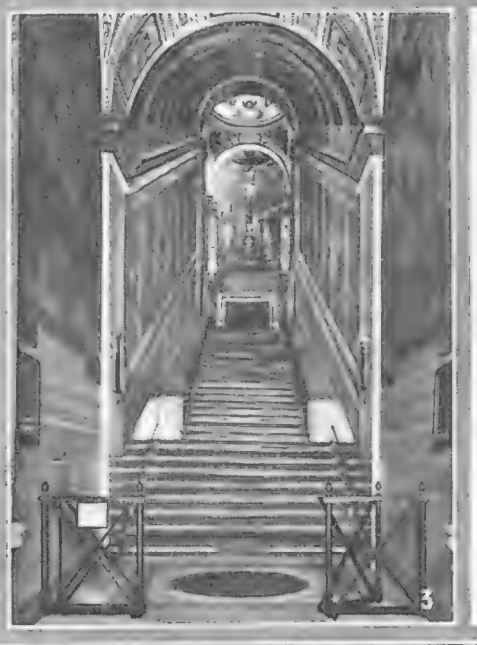
HE came over to their table. Wog looked up with a questioning shadow in his eyes. Agatha looked straight ahead

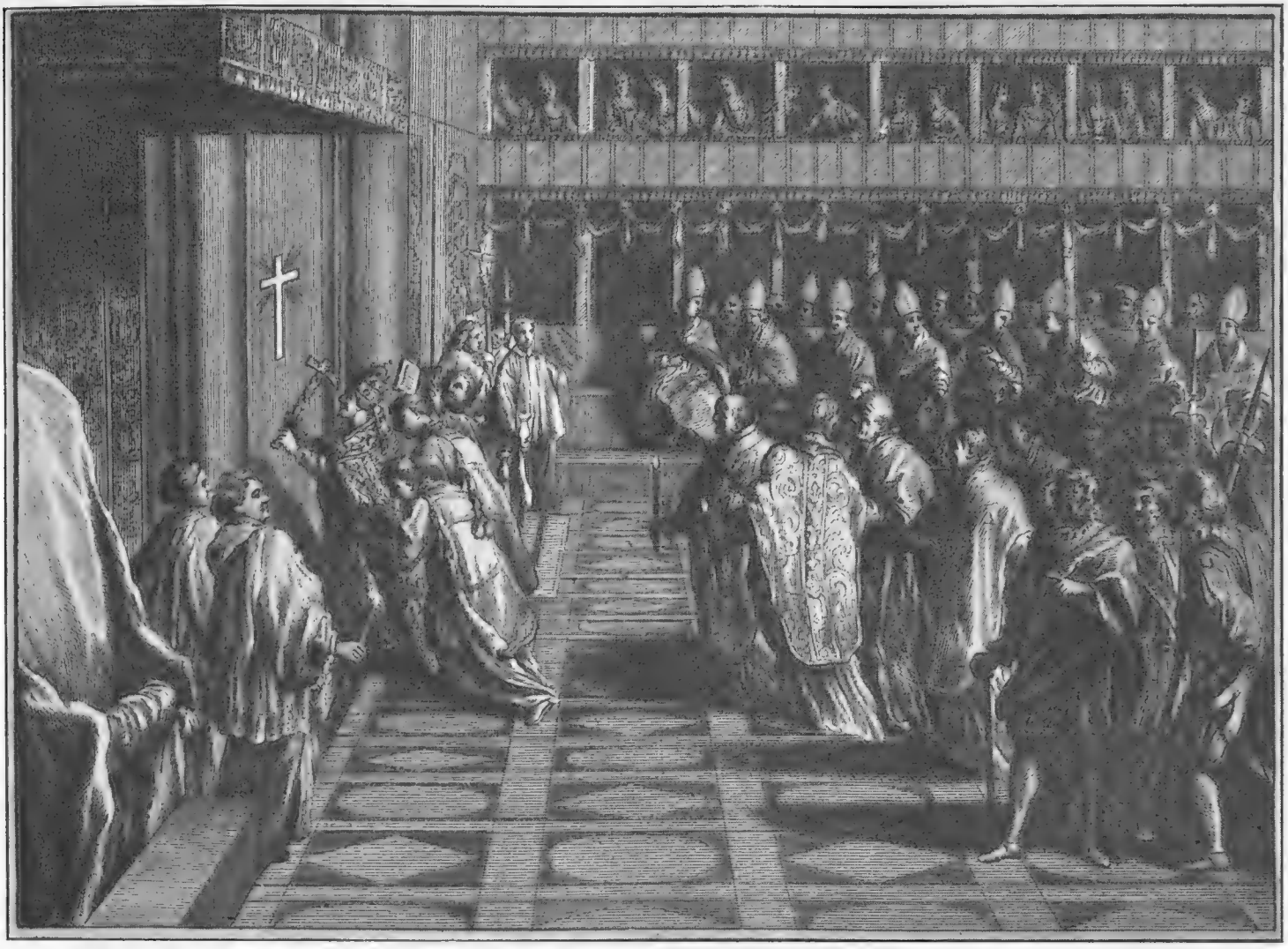
1 A floodlit view of the Basilica of St. Peter

2 View of the Piazza of St. Peter's showing Bernini's colonnade and fountains

3 The Holy Stairs at the Lateran. They are reputed to have come from the house of Pilate, ascended and descended by our Lord

4 Basilica of St. Peter. The statue on right is that of St. Peter, the toe of which has been worn smooth by the kisses of millions of pilgrims. In the background is the Baldacchino





The inauguration of the "Holy Year." Breaking down the Holy Door. The Pope knocks three times with the golden hammer just before its removal

Reproduced from an engraving by Bernard Picart (1673-1733)

Holy Year

Its Story Through The Centuries

By Gordon Cooper

IN 1950 three million pilgrims will flock from almost every part of the world on a visit to Rome in connection with the important celebrations of Holy Year.

The first Jubilee, or Holy Year, was proclaimed so long ago as A.D. 1300 by Pope Bonifacio VIII, although prior to this date special ceremonies were held to mark centenaries of the Christian era.

For over six centuries, therefore, Holy Years have been held generally at twenty-five year intervals with many strange, moving and beautiful celebrations of great interest to people in or out of the Roman Catholic faith.

During a recent visit to Rome I was granted special facilities to see and learn what will take place in 1950, which also incorporates the Pope's Golden Jubilee as a priest. In complete contrast with the first Holy Year, when the Pope was threatened by Saracen invaders and the fury of faithless France, when pilgrims made their lonely way on foot—often taking many months on the journey and maybe only to die of destitution at the end—1950 will find them arriving by super-train and luxury air-line. Accommodation for these visitors has been carefully worked out in a great "staggered" plan. A special Commission, one of five set up to deal with the main aspects and arrangements of the Year, has organized sleeping quarters and community restaurants that will take care of

Pope Pius XII gives his blessing. At a number of ceremonies, including the consecration of the new church dedicated to St. Eugene, his patron saint, the Pope participates in person

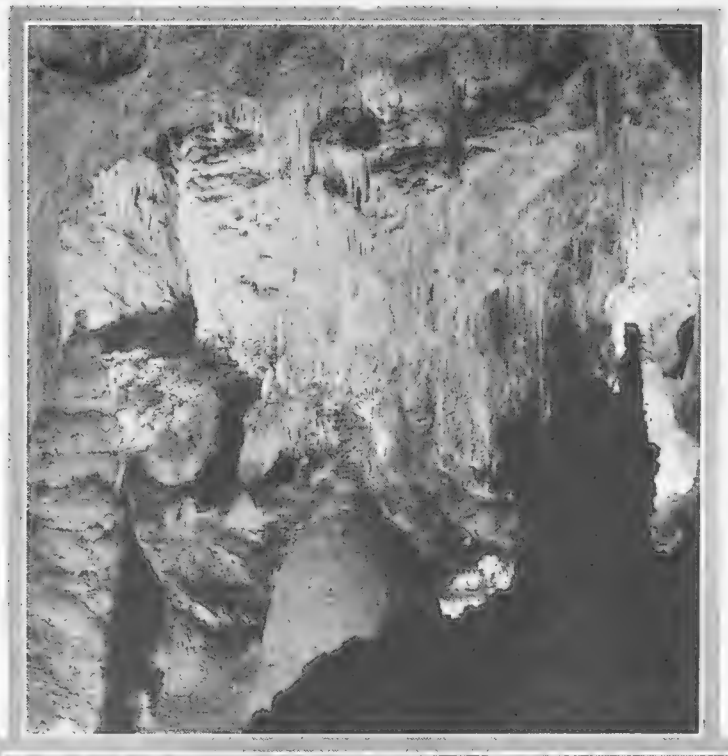
22,000 pilgrims at a time—the individual duration of stay at these places is restricted to three days, thus making provision for 220,000 pilgrims a month, and for about two and a half million during the year. In part they will be settled in specially erected hostels built near Vatican City. The remainder will be welcomed into the friendly hospitality of local religious communities, while many wealthier pilgrims will find their own quarters at hotels and pensions.

THROUGHOUT 1949 a large staff was busy on the tremendous task of preparing and dispatching two million "Pilgrims' Kits." These, sent to Roman Catholics of sixty-eight countries in eight languages (English, Italian, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Polish and Dutch), consist of (*a*) an identity card, serving in many cases as a passport, and also entitling the holder to various price reductions on railways, etc.; (*b*) a special hymn and prayer booklet; (*c*) a pilgrim's booklet containing instructions and advice, and including a short guide to Rome; (*d*) an official silver-gilt pilgrim's badge.

An indication of the size of this one undertaking alone, employing hundreds of special staff, can be gleaned from these items reduced to weights: identity cards, fifteen tons; hymn and prayer books, 190 tons; pilgrims' booklets, 210 tons. The total weight of the kits (each one weighs 8 oz.) is about 450 tons.

Other preparations springing to life (*Continued on page* 66)

Wonders Of



SINCE the war hundreds of young people now spend their spare time digging up Roman remains not only on the bombed sites in London, but in other parts of the country as well. Others go in for bird-watching and declare it to be most thrilling. But strangest of all post-war activities, perhaps, is that of cave-hunting. Indeed, the study of these mysterious underground caverns, with their stalagmites and stalactites and subterranean streams where fish are blind, has developed into a veritable craze. This enthusiasm has added greatly, not only to our knowledge of caves, their geological and geographical structure, but to the history of ancient man as well. A special name—spelaeologist has been given to the cave-hunters and there are several spelaeologist clubs in this country and a Spelaeological Association which meets annually and conducts expeditions to our more famous caves and to the pot holes of Yorkshire.

(*On left*) The largest subterranean chamber in the world. A corner of the "Big Room" in the Carlstad Caves, near Carlsbad, New Mexico. This cavern is half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide and a ceiling from 100 to 300 feet high. It is adorned with an array of stalactites and stalagmites

Cave-hunting is not for the timid. You need strong arms and an iron nerve to explore the clammy, eerie underworld where a slow death awaits those who lose their bearings. "Bottomless" pits and quicksands are among the dangers faced by the spelaeologist or you might step into an underground river and be carried into the recesses of the earth, or be swamped by a sudden rush of water from outside.

(*On left*) The three great stalagmites in the Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico. To the left can be seen the "Twin Domes" and in the centre the "Big Dome"

(*Below*) An underground fairyland of bewildering beauty. Another view of the Carlsbad Caverns showing a variety of stalagmites and stalactites

The Underworld

The Awe-Inspiring Beauty Of Subterranean Caverns

By Harold J. Shepstone

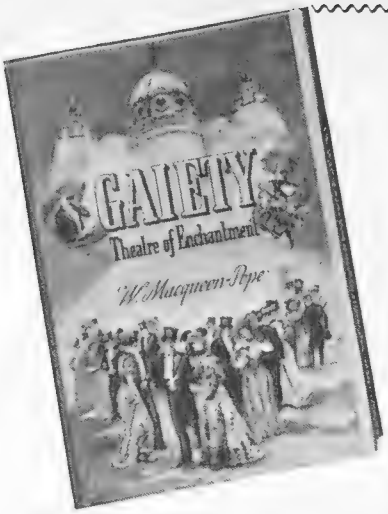
But the rewards are great. There is the thrill of being the first to feast one's eyes on the sparkling grandeur of a fantastic world. Some wonderful scenery can be seen underground in the grim world of caverns formed in the course of millions of years by water action. There are weird and startling decorations—stalagmites springing upright in clusters from stony floors like petrified bamboos or stalactites hanging down from the roof like frozen candelabra. There are chambers, larger than our cathedrals, which have remained unseen and untrodden by the foot of man.

Most startling of all is the discovery that the newly-found cave has been inhabited. This is learnt by examination of the bones and objects found in them. For instance, Wookey Hole, near Wells in Somerset, supplied evidence that lions, bears, rhinoceroses and even mammoths once wandered about the West of England, and that our remote ancestors hunted and were hunted by them. The remains found in Wookey Hole have shown that there was human occupation there from 200 B.C. to A.D. 400. We know this from the flint instruments found there.

At a much later period people went into Wookey Hole to escape barbarous enemies. It is clear also that they did this in the famous Victoria Cavern at Settle, in Yorkshire. Here has been discovered ample proof that it was one of the refuges into which the Celtic inhabitants of Britain fled when the country was invaded by the barbarians from Scandinavia and Germany. This is evidenced from the ornaments and other articles found in them, such as spindle whorls and needles used by women for embroidery.

The known caves of the world must (*Continued on page* 66)

(*On right*) The world's greatest stalagmite. The "Big Dome" in the Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico. It is 125 feet high and over 250 feet across the base. Millions of years were needed in its making; geologists estimating the caverns to be sixty million years old



THOSE GAIETY GIRLS . . .

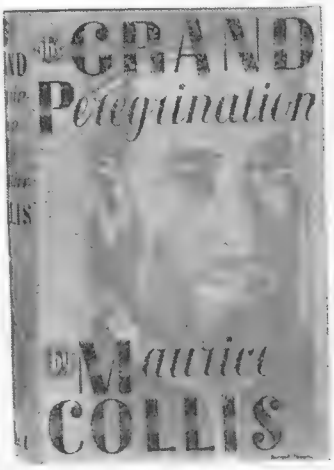
"TO take a Gaiety Girl out to supper, to drive her home in a hansom through the summer night, to propel such a divinity in her laces and silks in a punt at Maidenhead, to take her for a drive in that modern chariot, the motor . . . what more could life offer to a man of that time?" What, indeed? But the Gaiety Men had their admirers, too. During the *Circus Girl* run a package was left at the stage door for Seymour Hicks, containing seven £100 notes and a silver cigarette case inscribed: "From Box J. Seventy-one times." That, says W. Macqueen-Pope in **"Gaiety: Theatre of Enchantment"** (W. H. Allen, 20s.), was how playgoers showed their appreciation then.

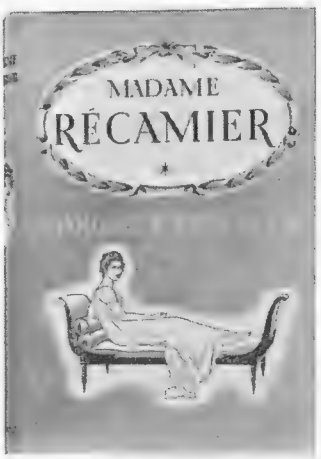
The Gaiety, old and new, was great because it had two splendid chiefs: Hollingshead, who box-officed £675,000 during his seventeen years; Edwardes, who made musical comedy there lighter and brighter and exalted femininity with the "Girl." Our leading stage historian has certainly "gone to town" on this one, which teams with good stories, old-time glamour, picture-postcard stars, and the glitter of unforgettable nights.

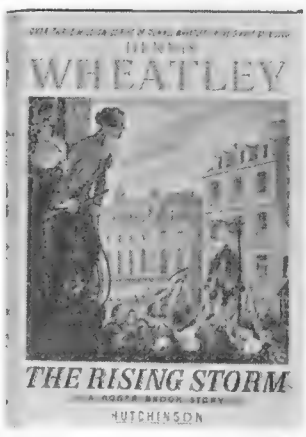
Books:

Reviewed by

Trevor Allen







IT must be a shock to an author on a U.S. lecture tour to be told by a hotel clerk that if he wants a room to show samples in, that will be two dollars extra. Here and there Godfrey Winn received other shocks which convinced him that U.S. hotels are less good, British much better, than they are sometimes painted. He met, among a host of eminent people. Margaret Truman who disclosed that "Dad" loves her to sing for him "The Last Rose of Summer" and to take Sunday afternoon walks with her through Washington, when he often stops someone for a light for his cigarette and is delighted if a passerby doffs his hat and says "Good afternoon, Mr. President." **"The Bend of the River"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), is mainly a frank, graphic account of the tour written with zest and a pressman's passion for good "stories."

WHEN painters write memoirs they usually write naturally and clearly, with a constant eye for beauty. I find these qualities in **"Outline"** (Faber, 30s.), Paul Nash's autobiography, with 1914 war letters to his wife and other personal papers, edited by Herbert Read. It shows a Kensington boyhood merging into Slade School, Chelsea aspirations, and friendship with men like Rothenstein, Tonks, Selwyn Image, Gordon Bottomley, Gordon Craig. The stylized, simplified art he made distinctively his own is reproduced in fifty plates, two in colour.

DUDLEY CAREW'S **"The House is Gone"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.), a nostalgic retrospect, covers much the same period. Novelist, cricket writer, he looks back to the England of forty and more years ago when "£1 was £1 and beer was twopence a pint," there was "a freedom to move and breathe, and the windows of the spirit were open wide, open in a way not easily to be appreciated in 1948." Pleasurably he evokes Sir John Squire's *London Mercury* group with their reputed liking for "cricket and beer," in a sensitive personal memoir which is also a social picture of an age.

WE always picture the lovely Mme. Récamier languishing on an Empire couch, as in the Gérard and David paintings; but her cook once said: "So you imagine a nebulous, idyllic dame, lounging on a sofa, accepting compliments with an air of languor all day! What a mistake. She had a good practical business head, had my mistress." Margaret Trouncer allows for both sides in a satisfying biography, **"Madame Récamier"** (MacDonald, 12s. 6d.), though naturally the romance predominates—especially the culminating affair with Chateaubriand who wrote of her: "It seems to me that all those I have loved, I have loved them in Juliette; that she was the hidden source of all my tendernesses."

MAURICE COLLIS is adept at resurrecting colourful personages and parading them against the rich pageantry of their time. The subject of **"The Grand Peregrination"** (Faber, 25s.), is the sixteenth-century Portuguese adventurer Pinto, a soldier whose motto might well have been "Join the army and see the world," for he found his way to Abyssinia, India, Malacca, the Far East, and discovered Japan. His dazzling odyssey is illustrated with collotype reproductions of old tapestries, screens and illuminated MS.

WHO shall presume to judge or understand actor John Barrymore? He was handsome, intelligent, gifted, with a quick—and often flooring—wit. He won fame, wealth, women, contracted four disastrous marriages which he called "bus accidents," and in the end smashed his life because his temperament, desires, outgoings and thirst were just too big for the rest of him. In **"Good Night, Sweet Prince"** (Hammond, 21s.). Gene Fowler presents his (*Continued on page 70*)

Seen In Passing

ALTHOUGH inflated prices make good buys a rare shopping triumph, bargains are to be found for the searching. One expedition to Regent Street brought to light these finds which combine the basic virtues of fashion interest and value for money. If you would like further details of any item, please send a stamped and addressed envelope to The Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

Above : One-ply wool to knit up into fine cobweb evening shawls, bed-jackets and lacy evening and day blouses. 3s. 2½d. for 1¾-oz. hank.

Below, left : Foundations for the fastidious woman. Figure-moulding half-cup bra in nude, black or white satin lined net. Price 33s. 6d. Plunge neck bra, beautifully shaped on a flexible wire frame in the same colour range, price 29s. 9d.

Below, right : Accessories in bronze, teamed by fashion's latest inspiration with black and snuff. "After-five" shoes in bronze leather, price 48s. 3d. Belts of soft bronze snake-skin. The ¾-in. belt, 1 guinea ; the 3-in. model, from 2 guineas.

Home Market

GAS AND ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

A greater variety of electrical appliances will be in the shops this year. Prices may tend to rise, but not immediately. Improved cookers with visible radiant sheathed elements and Simmerstat heat control will be plentiful and available on hire purchase.

Washing-machine supplies are increasing, including a smaller size for beneath the sink, some well below £20. A large selection of electric mixers can be bought at 12 guineas, plus P.T., upwards. Welcome reappearance for the first time since pre-war is the two-way kettle, which takes a saucepan and is a convertible cooking unit costing 84s.

Electric irons tend to come down in price and new types show improvements in design and performance. Ironing-machines can be fixed to washing-machines for " sit-down " work, and there is a steam press iron. Among many types of clothes driers, smaller ones are costing less, some doing a dual job of heating.

The refrigerator outlook is no better and electric fires remain costly with 100 per cent. P.T. Many kinds of reasonably-priced background heaters are available, however, and cheaper electric sink water-heaters are on the market.

Gas appliances are also in good supply. Many types of cookers can be bought on hire purchase. Of new types, the all-white are most popular, and horizontal cookers have been introduced. Gas-heated drying cabinets are made in three models or an existing cupboard can be converted at small cost.

The new small built-in cheaper refrigerator now being made is reserved for housing schemes ; otherwise the " frig." position is static. New multi-point water-heaters give boiling water and are reasonably priced.

Besides the gas washing-machine there is a wash boiler with detachable wringer, minus P.T. Coloured boiling rings of improved design are in good supply.

CLOTHES

It is early days yet to say what will result from the removal of the fixed ceiling-price from non-Utility clothes. At the autumn shows last November some fashion houses seemed to be showing fewer Utility styles in proportion to non-Utility models, but this might have been in the first flush of enthusiasm for de-restriction and may not settle into a definite trend.

As far as the effect on prices is concerned, de-restriction should lead to a lowering in the prices of non-Utility clothes. When every garment had a fixed price, the manufacturer had little opportunity of balancing costs, whereas now, in a large collection, costs can be spread out between one garment and the next, enabling prices to be pared down. The de-restriction of non-Utility clothes means, in fact, that price control is once again in the hands of the public, which is the most effective price control of all.

Wool and cotton are still in short supply. It may be necessary still to search for the better quality garments. Next year, as always, the customer's best protection lies in the branded names of firms who have built up a reputation for good-quality Utility clothes during the past years.

As far as stockings are concerned, production of nylon stockings is increasing and an extra 5 per cent. of fully-fashioned nylon stockings will be diverted to the home market. There is a possibility that seamless nylons will be more plentiful.

Panorama

There is a wondering in the New Year air about what women can—and cannot—look forward to in 1950, with particular regard to supplies and prices of clothes, and such household necessities as textiles, furniture, china, glass, gas and electrical appliances. Celia Benabu, who has investigated the situation, says, despite dull patches the outlook is hopeful. Although the picture changes in detail from one section to another, on the whole, supplies to the Home Market this year will improve and, with some exceptions, costs look fairly static.

CHINA AND GLASS

Outlook for china this year is good if dull. There will be more fine bone china and cheaper varieties available, but it will be plain white. There is unlikely to be any release of decorated china for the Home Market, but with increased exports more rejects will be coming into the shops.

Glass, too, presents a better picture for 1950. Increased supplies of plain, undecorated types of glass will reach the shops this year. For the first time Britain is making cheap stem ware, so more of this will be available too.

Inexpensive British-made coloured glass will be in improved supply, including tax-free water-sets. Some Utility glass will probably be imported from Czechoslovakia, and high-quality crystal from France and Sweden. Devaluation has brought a 15 per cent. rise in cost of all glassware, but there is more variety in the less expensive ranges. There is no shortage of ovenware.

FURNITURE

News of the furniture future for the next twelve months is encouraging. As most furniture is made of hardwood from non-dollar sources, the trade does not anticipate any shortage. In fact, more Utility furniture will reach the shops, of greater variety and more varied design, since the removal of restrictions has given *carte blanche* to manufacturers.

Kitchen furniture, made of softwood from dollar areas, may be in short supply, but to counteract this manufacturers may turn to the use of other materials.

Luckily for housewives, competition is increasing in the industry, which means better value. At the conference of the British Furniture Manufacturers' Federation Association it was decided to offer the best-quality work at the lowest possible price. The industry also plans publication of a brochure giving housewives information and advice in selecting furniture. If housewives have a serious complaint about a purchase and cannot obtain satisfaction from the retailer, they can report it to the B.F.M.F.A., who will deal with it.

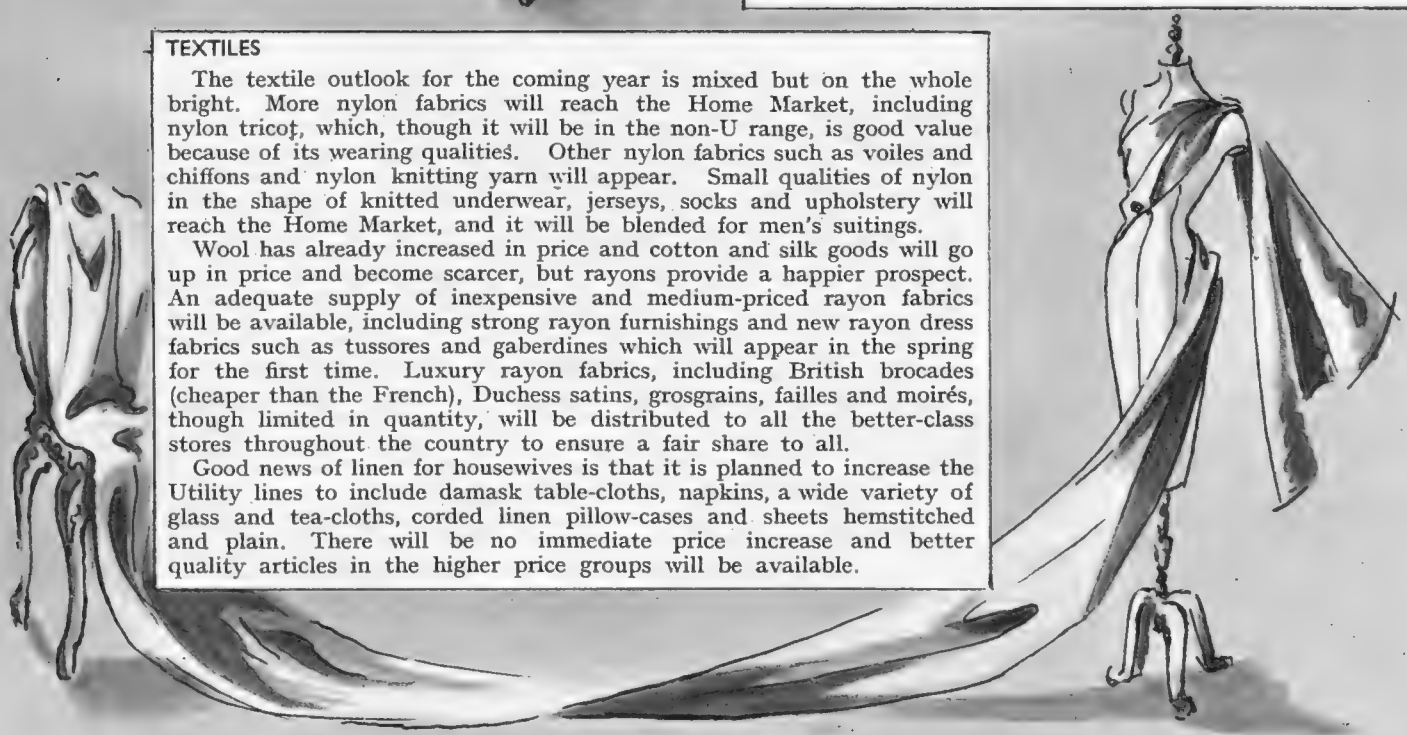
Standards of quality have greatly improved, and with more plentiful supplies in the shops at controlled prices, prospects for furniture are better this year than for a long time.

TEXTILES

The textile outlook for the coming year is mixed but on the whole bright. More nylon fabrics will reach the Home Market, including nylon tricot, which, though it will be in the non-U range, is good value because of its wearing qualities. Other nylon fabrics such as voiles and chiffons and nylon knitting yarn will appear. Small qualities of nylon in the shape of knitted underwear, jerseys, socks and upholstery will reach the Home Market, and it will be blended for men's suitings.

Wool has already increased in price and cotton and silk goods will go up in price and become scarcer, but rayons provide a happier prospect. An adequate supply of inexpensive and medium-priced rayon fabrics will be available, including strong rayon furnishings and new rayon dress fabrics such as tussores and gaberdines which will appear in the spring for the first time. Luxury rayon fabrics, including British brocades (cheaper than the French), Duchess satins, grosgrains, failles and moirés, though limited in quantity, will be distributed to all the better-class stores throughout the country to ensure a fair share to all.

Good news of linen for housewives is that it is planned to increase the Utility lines to include damask table-cloths, napkins, a wide variety of glass and tea-cloths, corded linen pillow-cases and sheets hemstitched and plain. There will be no immediate price increase and better quality articles in the higher price groups will be available.



Good Ground-Work

Black-and-white check matting used as stair-carpet is effective in a practical way against a flanking wall painted black in contrast to white elsewhere. In the room above, the delicate hues of a fine Aubusson carpet are perfectly integrated with the colouring of a cream bouquet-patterned wallpaper by means of a plain matching-toned felt laid between. This principle of uniting conflicting designs is a practical one for any room of important dimensions in which a carpet square leaves a margin between itself and the walls.

Right:
Related tones between walls, ceiling and floor permit a bolder use of pattern on fabrics. Edge-to-edge carpet merges a one-colour background into a complete whole.

The six sides of a room, which include the floor and ceiling, are each important in the integration of colours and forms. The floor treatments shown point some basic principles of good groundwork in devising a decorative scheme.

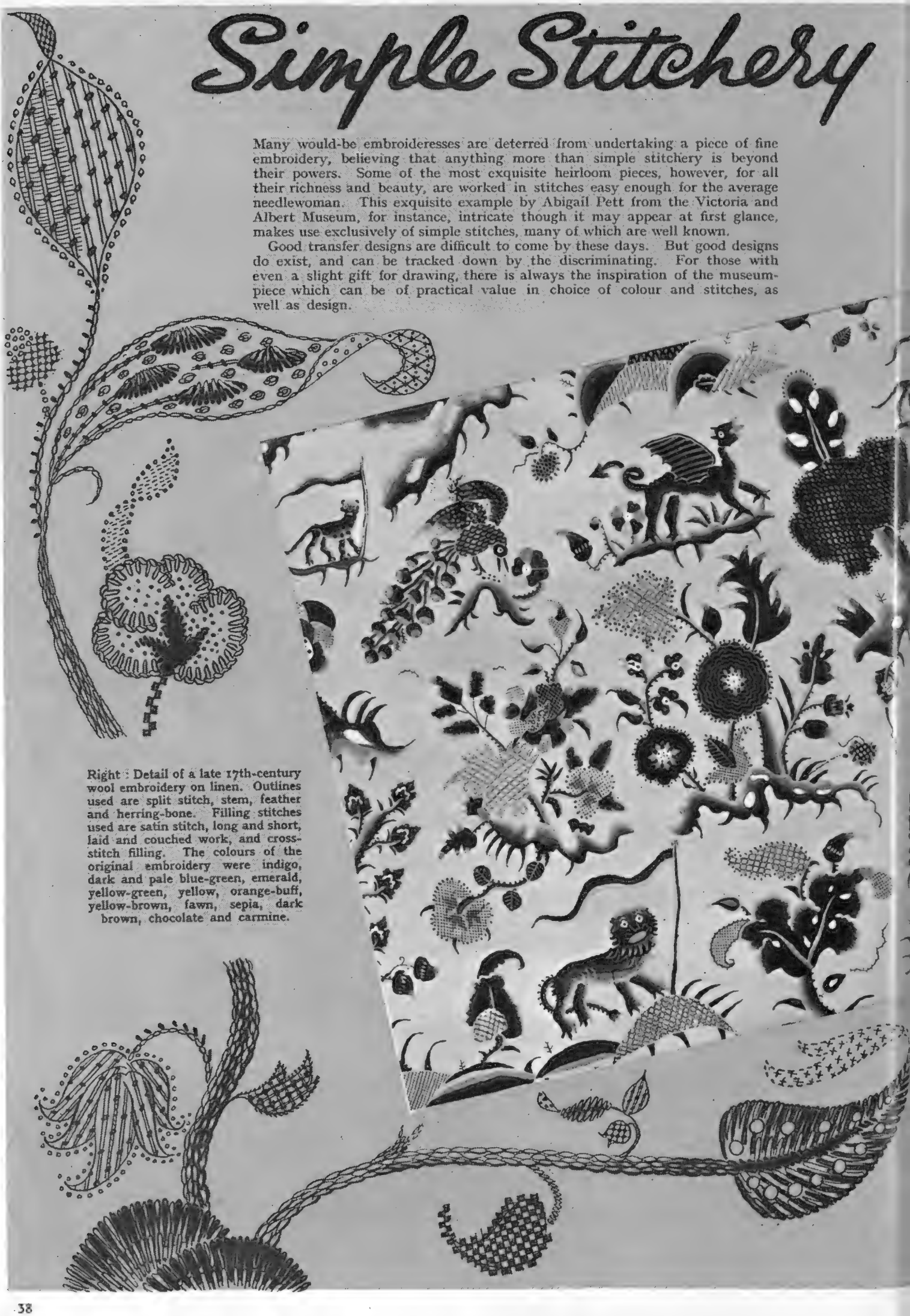
The size and proportions of the fireplace should determine the dimensions of the hearth-rug. In the example above, the square motif, which repeats itself in the simple fire surround and in the objects grouped around it, is pointed and enhanced by a square Persian rug. Another instance of an effective relationship of forms is shown between the rug and table on the right.

Small rugs scattered upon a wide surface tend to reduce the size of a room. Above, Persian rugs blend with polished boards but are ample enough to meet the challenge of wide surfaces. On the right, smaller rugs are laid at unconventional angles to counterbalance the unusually narrow proportions of the room.

Simple Stitchery

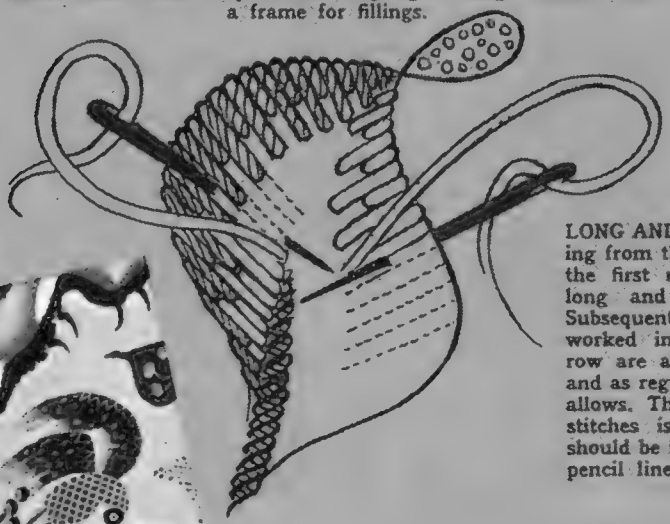
Many would-be embroideresses are deterred from undertaking a piece of fine embroidery, believing that anything more than simple stitchery is beyond their powers. Some of the most exquisite heirloom pieces, however, for all their richness and beauty, are worked in stitches easy enough for the average needlewoman. This exquisite example by Abigail Pett from the Victoria and Albert Museum, for instance, intricate though it may appear at first glance, makes use exclusively of simple stitches, many of which are well known.

Good transfer designs are difficult to come by these days. But good designs do exist, and can be tracked down by the discriminating. For those with even a slight gift for drawing, there is always the inspiration of the museum-piece which can be of practical value in choice of colour and stitches, as well as design.



Right : Detail of a late 17th-century wool embroidery on linen. Outlines used are split stitch, stem, feather and herring-bone. Filling stitches used are satin stitch, long and short, laid and couched work, and cross-stitch filling. The colours of the original embroidery were indigo, dark and pale blue-green, emerald, yellow-green, yellow, orange-buff, yellow-brown, fawn, sepia, dark brown, chocolate and carmine.

FILLING STITCHES. The richness of the general effect depends largely on the filling of the larger motifs of the design. These three fillings make a more decorative and less exacting alternative to the familiar satin stitch. For a heavy filling, use either long and short or laid and couched work as shown below. For a medium filling use a couched filling. Cross-stitch or scattered french knots make a quick and easy light filling. Always use a frame for fillings.



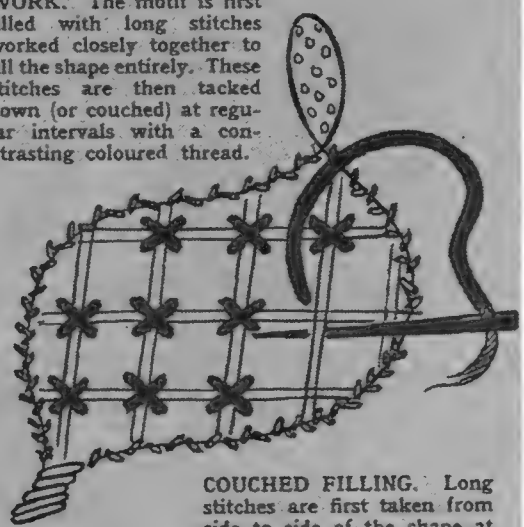
LONG AND SHORT. Starting from the outside, make the first row of alternate long and short stitches. Subsequent rows of stitches worked into the previous row are all the same size and as regular as the shape allows. The direction of the stitches is important and should be indicated by light pencil lines before starting.

For Your Work-Basket

Good news for the needlewoman who takes pride in hand-sewing her own lingerie is that nylon sewing thread has just appeared on the market for seaming dainty nylon garments. It is made in a range of colours, including soft lingerie shades. It is a seemingly silky thread, fine enough to work dainty seams, yet strong enough to withstand considerable wear and tear.

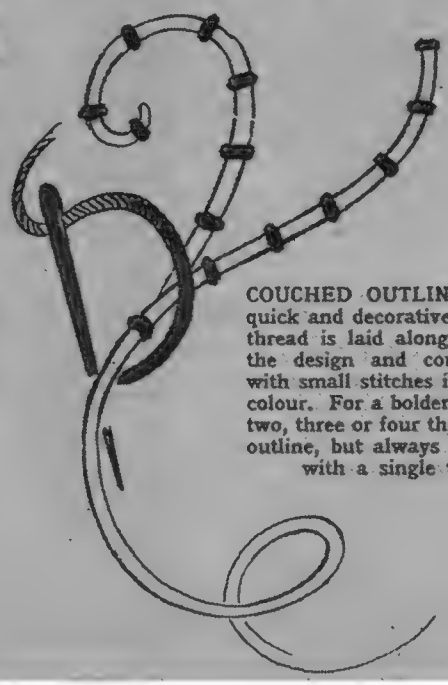
The Ro-Tally is a useful little gadget which every knitter will want to have in her work-basket. It is a tiny cylinder which clips on to the end of the knitting needle to save the knitter the bother of keeping count of the rows. It will ensure accurate shaping and will "remember" when to increase or decrease, and incidentally, help to check patterns and simplify intricate designs. The Ro-Tally is made in colours to match any knitting needles and will fit all sizes from six to fourteen inclusive.

LAID AND COUCHED WORK. The motif is first filled with long stitches worked closely together to fill the shape entirely. These stitches are then tacked down (or couched) at regular intervals with a contrasting coloured thread.

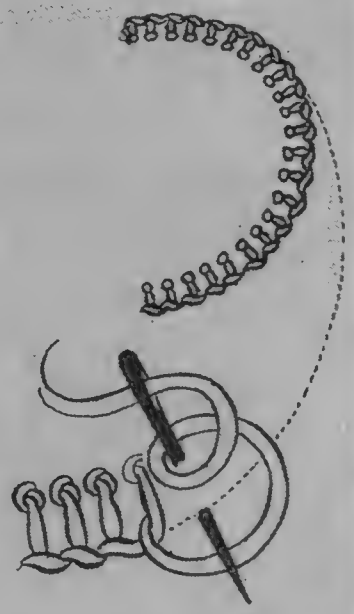


COUCHED FILLING. Long stitches are first taken from side to side of the shape at suitable regular intervals, then others worked at right-angles. Each point of intersection is couched with a cross-stitch in a contrasting colour.

OUTLINE STITCHES. Besides outlining fine stems, tendrils, etc., these stitches can be effectively used to strengthen or soften the outlines of individual motifs. These three decorative outlines make alternatives to the more familiar stem, herring-bone, chain and feather stitches. Outline stitches can be worked in the hand or in a frame.



COUCHED OUTLINE. This is quick and decorative. The main thread is laid along the line of the design and couched down with small stitches in a contrast colour. For a bolder outline, use two, three or four threads for the outline, but always couch down with a single thread.



KNOTTED BUTTONHOLE STITCH. This is particularly suitable for outlining flower shapes, etc. The stitch is worked as for blanket stitch, except that the thread is looped round the needle each time.

SPLIT STITCH. Bring the needle through the cloth exactly on the outline and insert it a little ahead of this point. Now bring the needle up again through the stitch, thus splitting it.

Chequered Cardigan

MATERIALS: 6 ozs. of "Wendy" 3-ply Super Botany wool in main colour; 2 ozs. of "Wendy" 3-ply Super Botany wool in contrast colour; 1 pair each of No. 12 and No. 10 knitting needles; 9 buttons.
MEASUREMENTS: From top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 ins.; across back underarms, 17 ins.; across front (half) with edge, 8 ins.; underarm sleeve seam, 18 ins.
TENSION: 10 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 108 sts. in main colour. Work 3 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Next row.—Rib 6 * inc. one st. in next stitch, rib 11. Repeat from *8 times. Inc. in next stitch, rib to end (117 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles. Work stocking stitch (1 row k., 1 row p.). Work for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row until 129 sts. Continue until work measures 14 ins. from cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. one stitch each end of every row until 101 sts. Work until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 11 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

(*Continued on page* 68)

ABBREVIATIONS: *K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over; s. = slip; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; inc. = increase; pat. = pattern.*

Socks And Gloves

For A Country Man

THE GLOVES

MATERIALS: 5 ozs. Copley's "Excelsior" 3-ply in fawn, Shade No. 1268. Socks, 3 ozs., 2 pairs No. 12 needles (pointed each end); Gloves, 2 ozs., 2 pairs No. 12 needles (pointed each end).
MEASUREMENTS: Socks—To fit size 10½ (with adaptation to fit larger size). Gloves—To fit size 7½ to 8.
TENSION: 9 sts. to 1 in. If a loose knitter, use No. 13 needles.

With No. 12 needles cast on 72 sts. on three needles—24—24—24. Work 3 ins. k. 1, p. 1 ribbing. Work 22 rounds in following pattern:

1st round.—* K. 2, P. 2. Repeat from * ending P. 2.

2nd round.—As 1st round.

3rd round.—* P. 2, K. 2. Repeat from * ending K. 2.

4th round.—As 3rd row.

These four rounds form pattern.

Next round.—K. 2, slip 16 sts. on a piece of wool for thumb. Cast on 8 sts. Work to end of round, 16—24—24. Work in pat. for nine rounds. Divide for fingers.

1st Finger.—(Work in stocking st.) (1 row k. 1 row p.) K. 9, slip all except 9 sts. on a piece of wool. Leave 9 sts. on needle. Cast on 3 sts. Divide sts., 7, 7, 7. *K. for 3 ins.

SHAPE TOP

Work 3 rounds, dec. 1 st. at beg. of every needle; draw up sts. through a piece of wool and fasten off neatly.*

2nd Finger.—Take 8 sts. from wool on each side on two needles. With a third needle pick up 3 sts. at

(*Continued on page* 68)

Mixed Doubles

THE economy keynote stands out among designs for 1950. Interchangeable ensembles give the answer to the problem of the standby suit or dress which tends to become monotonous as the months go by. The two Duet suits designed by Brenner renew the popular tartan theme with, in each case, a jacket and two skirts. At the top a red and green tartan suit alternates a straight skirt with a pleated one and, below, a beautifully cut black suit has a slim black skirt as well as a pleated tartan in green and black. The same designers have made the divisible tartan battle blouse jumper suit. A batwing sweater substituted for the blouse makes a different outfit. Prices and London retailers of all these models will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope to the Women's Department, BRITANNIA AND EVE, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London.

Substitute

SUNSHINE and fresh air are vital to the well-being of young, not-so-young and old alike. Sunshine provides the best source of vitamin D, that valuable product essential for the development of bones and teeth. Lack of it can cause rickets, weakness of the muscles and tooth decay, hence its importance in the diet of infants and expectant mothers.

There are few sources of vitamin D apart from the sun but, from those few sources can we obtain some armour against the deficiencies of a sunless English winter.

Let us consider those products that contain vitamin D. Some fish oils contain it and so do meat livers. Sardines and egg yolks give a taste of sunshine too. A concentrated form of vitamins A and D is supplied by Crookes Halibut Liver Oil, obtainable in either capsule or liquid form and an excellent guard against cold, too.

Vitamin A plays a big part in any programme of physical health, especially in the winter time. It promotes growth and provides vigour; it also keeps the mucous surfaces of nose and mouth in normal health. Deficiencies of vitamin A cause germs to penetrate and lower the resistance to colds and infections. This valuable vitamin is found in fresh fruits, dark green vegetables, in butter, cheese, liver and some root vegetables. Like vitamin D, it, too, can be regarded as a substitute for sunshine.

Vitamin C comes into the same category, too. We find it in orange juice, now nicknamed "bottled sunshine" by the medical world. Naturally, it is most valuable to health when taken in its natural form; for the fresh fruit retains the benefit of the sun's rays. When, however, this is not obtainable, accept the second-best, the juice out of a tin or bottle.

AT the moment a great deal of experiment is being carried on with orange juice as a prevention against the common cold. It has been found that orange juice relieves cold and also controls the temperature of the body.

Where else can we find a substitute for sunshine? Ultra-violet ray lamps have exactly the same effect on the body as the sun itself, and just the same care must be exercised if you tan in the home as on the beach. The tan must be acquired slowly and evenly.

Home Set

AN occasional home shampoo and set will eke out visits to the hairdressers. It's easy enough, providing you use time, patience and the right products.

Those who live in the country must take advantage of rain-water for the shampoo for this softens and generally improves the hair. If the water in your district is very hard, boil and cool off enough for at least the last rinse.

USE a reliable shampoo for the most satisfactory results. Follow the directions faithfully and the hair will not be sticky or lack lustre. A well-known shampoo is now on the market in a new dress. A neat little plastic, transparent sachet contains enough shampoo for one wash: price 7½d. Slip one into your suitcase or handbag if you're going away for the weekend—and you need have no fear that the sachet will leak.

When the hair is rough-dried comb the setting lotion through it thoroughly before beginning to set it with pins.

Those who prefer a cream setting lotion will like to know of a new product which is easy to use and does not leave the hair gummy or sticky. A big point in its favour is that it can be used with excellent results for a last minute set. Comb a small quantity through the hair, slip on a hair net and allow to dry while you're dressing.

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope

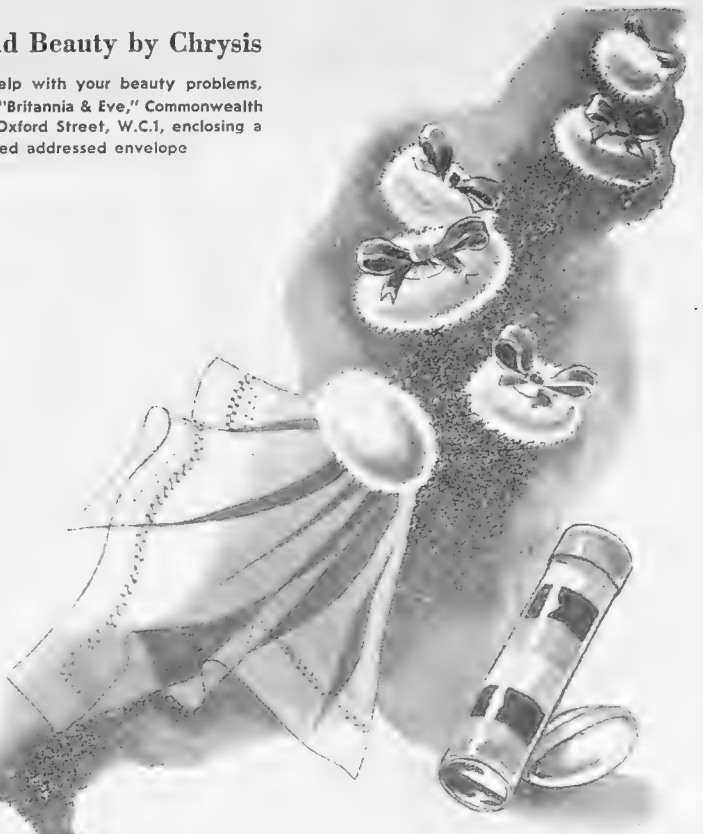
Sunshine

Severe burning can be injurious to the skin, and can also cause large freckles. A short exposure of two or three minutes is the maximum time for a sunbath for the first fortnight. Very gradually, the time can be increased to ten or fifteen minutes.

Ultra-violet ray lamps can be bought for 95s., and will prove an excellent substitute for sunshine, although it is wise to consult a doctor before using one.

For most people, however, the most valuable substitute for sunshine must be found in a vitamin rich diet. Vitamin B which is vital to good general health and for skin health in particular, is to be found in all kernels. The best sources are nuts, wholemeal bread, Bemax, oatmeal, peas, beans and butter-beans.

Fruit which has ripened in the sun is rich in vitamin C, and for that reason, in-season fruit should always be preferred to out-of-season produce which may have been forced under artificial conditions. Fortunately, South African fruit is technically "in-season" at the height of the English winter, so that it can bring some benefits, however remote, of the warm southern sunshine.



All You Need To Know About

Powder

FACE powder is one of the most commonly used cosmetics, yet not everyone knows how to choose and use it correctly. Most women know that face powder must be toned to the colour of the skin, but few know that the safest way of deciding what colour the skin tone is, is to take a mirror to the daylight and study the colour of the shoulder. This gives a more accurate picture than the complexion, which may be a little weathered.

Generally speaking there are three skin tones: neutral which is a creamy white; golden, a pale gold to tan; and pink, with highlights of blue mixed with the pink. A neutral skin requires a rachel powder, golden skins a golden tone, while a pink skin should wear a rachel accented with pink. Hair colour is not always an indication of skin colouring. Many raven-haired women who have camellia-white skins, choose darker powders, when light ones would be most suitable. Sallow skins call for powder with plenty of colour. It should be from the darker colour groups but with pink, not yellowish overtones. Don't judge the colour of the powder from the box. Tightly packed powder looks at least three shades lighter than loose. The basic quality of powder does not greatly vary between the cheaper brands and the more expensive, but the cheaper powders seldom represent better value. It is loosely packed and there is simply less of it. Don't be put off the good branded powders by the apparent increase in price. A box of good powder should last six months.

AFTER choosing the correct powder, learn to apply it correctly. Press the powder on to the skin in small areas until the whole face is covered. Dust off the excess with either a baby's hairbrush or a fresh piece of cotton-wool. Don't forget to powder the neck, too. Swansdown puffs are undoubtedly the best. They are the only kind which press lightly on to the powder and on to the skin, allowing you to "bed" the powder without grinding it into the skin.

Swansdown washes well and does not take up grease from the skin as a lamb's wool puff. Compare a wool and a swansdown puff after two weeks, and the wool will be dirty and greasy, while the swansdown shows little deterioration, so long as it has been kept covered.

ALL powder puffs and brushes used on the face should be kept scrupulously clean, for soiled puffs can cause blackheads and skin troubles. It is a good idea to keep a covered glass jar of pieces of cotton-wool on your dressing-table.

See that your perfume blends with your powder. A strongly-scented powder can kill a delicate scent, so find one that will harmonize with any good perfume. A new, light powder recently launched on the market has been perfumed with this particular problem in mind.

LAUNDRY problems being what they are, more and more homes are looking with favour on the electric home washer as an investment. From the point of view of convenience, arguments for and against doing the laundry at home are obvious enough. It is the economics of the situation which are not so clear. The initial cost of an electric washing machine seems formidable to tightened budgets. Is the outlay, in fact, worth while?

Much, of course, depends upon the size of the household concerned and the weekly cost of putting the laundry out, allowing for wear and tear and all-too-frequent losses. For a household of, say, two people, it will obviously take far longer to repay the initial outlay; but where laundry bills add up to formidable figures —as they so often do—the hire-purchase cost of an automatic machine may well compare quite favourably.

There are a number of models on the market, varying in price from those specially designed for small households and costing just over £31 (inclusive of purchase tax), to the automatic washer which spin-dries the clothes and delivers them so that only the minimum of ironing is necessary. Many articles can just be folded and put away as they are. A machine of this type costs around £82, but it is possible to buy it on the instalment system, in which case the initial outlay is between £21-£22 and payments can be made over a period of a year or eighteen months.

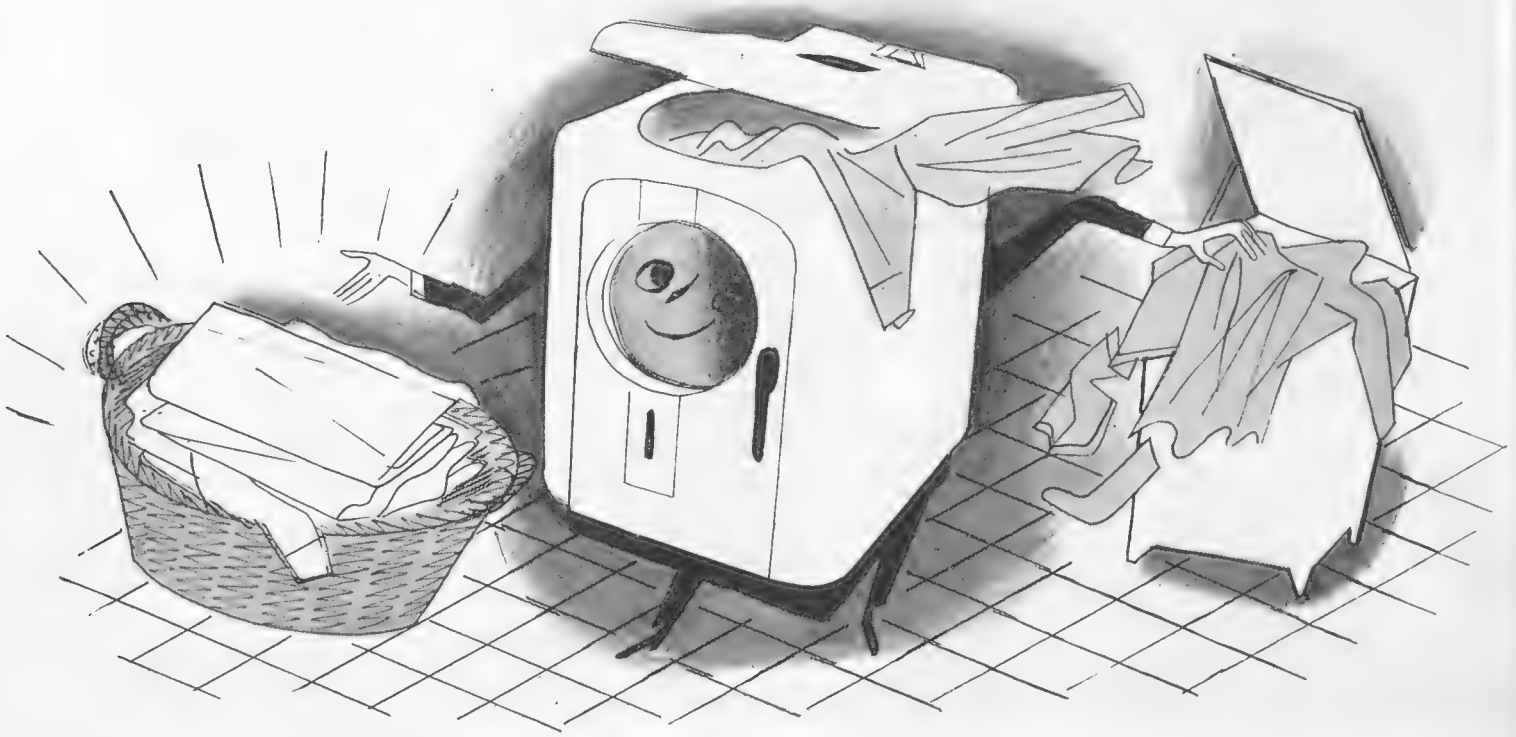
A possible solution to the problem of the initial cost is to go into partnership and buy a machine in company with another family; an ideal arrangement if members of your own family live nearby. In this case, the days on which the machine would be available to each household must be clearly determined from the start and some mutually satisfactory decision arrived at regarding the share of running costs.

THE main points to consider when choosing a washing machine are firstly, the hot-water supply, secondly the drying facilities available and thirdly, the space available.

If there is an unlimited supply of domestic hot water "on tap," this need not affect the choice of machine. But where hot water is restricted—if it is supplied by single or multipoint heaters for instance—a machine which takes several consecutive "loads" without the need to change the water is a better buy than one which takes about twenty gallons for each wash. In this case, a wiser choice would be a standard-sized agitator washer, taking 7 lb. of clothes for each operation, but retaining the hot water, with softening and soap, for each load, so long as it remains acceptable for the work. Quite three loads of washing can be put through as a rule, starting with the least soiled and finishing with a load of deeper soiled articles, tea cloths, etc. Greater personal attention is needed, but there is a saving in hot water and soaps, etc.

Obviously if you live in a flat, or have only a restricted outside space for drying, handling a heavy weekly wash is a problem. In such cases a machine which delivers washing damp-dry is a better buy.

Finally, the available space in the kitchen or utility room must be borne in mind. Don't be disheartened if you can only accommodate a small model . . . quite a number of women prefer to turn on the washing machine for a short period two or three times a week, rather than make one big job of it. Where there are babies or young children in the family it is often the most practical solution to make your washing motto "little and often." (*Continued on page 67*)



When winter's winds blow chill, bed is the warmest place. Here are some bedside comforts to make "Good Mornings" and "Good Nights"

(*Top right*) *A lacy Shetland wool bedjacket, lined with crêpe de Chine, which is warm enough to be cosy and dainty enough to be glamorous*

(*Above*) *A ten-piece early morning tea-set for two in white English bone china, set ready on a black and chromium tray*

(*Above right*) *Bedclothes to give the maximum comfort with the minimum weight, padded quilt, cellular blankets and Blansheet. Two variations of the hot water bottle, one with a patent side filler and the other with a permanent flock cover*

(*Right*) *The Tealarm, a combined alarm clock, bedside light and tea-maker which wakes you in the morning with a freshly made cup of tea*

SWEET PASTRIES

Party Pastry

LITTLE pastries, sweet and savoury make a very good nucleus for a party spread or buffet. They have the great virtue that they can be prepared ahead and warmed up on the day and filled and trimmed in so many ways that great variety is obtained, without great trouble. It is preferable of course to have more than one kind of pastry on these occasions and I suggest preparing three or four kinds; short pastry, choux paste, if any eggs are available, peanut pastry for savoury snacks, and a very plain pastry suitable for frying. I will give these basic recipes first and then some ways in which to use them. If you can spare the fat make short pastry with 4 oz. fat to 8 oz. flour, but 3 oz. will make quite good crust if fat is of good quality.

CHOUX PASTRY

CHOUX PASTRY

Ingredients: 6 oz. water; 2 oz. margarine; 3½ oz. flour—self-raising; dessertspoonful sugar; 2 eggs; pinch salt.

Heat margarine and water in a pan. When boiling stir in flour to which salt has been added. Continue cooking, stirring briskly till paste is smooth and leaving sides of pan. Mix in sugar and leave to cool a little. Beat eggs very well and stir into mixture a little at a time. Use when cool.

PLAIN PASTRY FOR FRYING

Ingredients: 2 oz. fat; 8 oz. self-raising flour; pinch salt; cold water to mix.

Prepare like short pastry.

MIDGET ÉCLAIRS—SAVOURY AND SWEET

The amount of choux paste in recipe should make about twenty tiny éclairs.

When choux paste is cold put it in a forcing bag with a plain nozzle and pipe 2-in. lengths on to greased baking tin. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. about 30 minutes till golden brown. While hot, slit open down the sides and scoop out any soft part from middle. When cold fill with mock cream, flavoured with coffee. Ice tops with different coloured water icing, chocolate, pink and white.

For savoury éclairs make paste without sugar, split éclairs while hot. When cold lay a sardine (with tail and backbone removed) on each half. Put some savoury butter (2 oz. margarine and 1 oz. cheese creamed together and seasoned), coloured pale green, in a forcing bag and pipe a ridge along each sardine.

Miniature cream puffs can also be made by putting about a dessertspoonful of paste on greased baking tin. Split while hot and scoop out. When cold fill with well-drained fruit such as raspberries and mock cream. Dredge top with icing sugar.

Fried pastries are good if something hot is wanted. Roll pastry out about ¾ in. thick, cut out small round. Fry on both sides till golden brown and well risen. Split in half; put a teaspoonful of jam on each half or spread with any sweet or savoury mixture—date sprinkled with chopped roasted nuts and so on.

Finally, a few fillings for short pastry tartlets. Line some boat-shaped tins with short pastry. Put 1 egg-white in a bowl; mix in 4 oz. of sugar and 2 oz. semolina. Flavour well with almond essence. Half-fill boats with mixture. Chop some almonds and cherries very finely and sprinkle all over top of boats. Bake in good oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F., 20 to 30 minutes. When cold put a narrow bar of mock cream about 1½ in. long down centre of boat; stick in funnels of angelica.

Savoury

WE are well trained in the art of substitutes these days. Some of them, if carefully chosen, can be nearly as good as the originals. Chicken pasties or *vol au vents* used to be a tempting item on the menu. Try making these with a tin of tunny fish. Prepare *vol au vent* cases made of rough puff pastry, or if short of fat line patty pans with short pastry. Fill with the following:

SPANISH VOL AU VENTS

Ingredients: 1 small tin tunny fish diced small; 2 rashers chopped cooked bacon; 1 gill mushroom sauce; seasoning; 2 or 3 olives finely chopped; dessertspoonful chopped parsley; 2 chopped shallots fried till golden, when frying bacon.

Heat all together gently, about 10 minutes.

Subterfuge

MOCK MACAROONS

SAVOURY ROLLS TO REPLACE SAUSAGE ROLLS

Ingredients: ½ lb. short pastry; 1 tin potted meat; 1 meat cube; 4 oz. breadcrumbs; seasoning.

Melt meat cube in a teacupful of boiling water. Pour over crumbs, season. Soak while you prepare pastry. Knead potted meat into crumb mixture. Form into little rolls in floured hands. Roll pastry out thinly. Cut in strips about 4 in. wide. Roll sausages up in pastry. Pinch in ends, seal edges with milk. Prick with fork. Bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 375° F., 20 to 30 minutes.

MACAROONS (with egg substitute)

Ingredients: 1 imitation egg-white; 2 oz. semolina; 4 oz. sugar; almond essence; a few almonds; 2 tablespoonfuls flour.

Dissolve a teaspoonful of gelatine in ½ gill of hot water, and allow to cool (1 tablespoonful of mixture equals 1 white of egg).

Put imitation egg-white into a bowl. Mix in sugar and semolina and flour. Flavour to taste with almond essence. Place dessertspoonfuls of mixture on well-greased baking sheets, leaving room for spreading. Put half an almond in centre of each. Bake in slow oven, Regulo 3 or 300° F. for about 30 minutes. Remove at once on to cake tray.

NOVELTY CHOUX PASTE (without egg)

Ingredients: ½ pint water; 3 oz. margarine; 5 oz. Yorkshire pudding mixture from packet; ½ oz. sugar; 1 dessertspoonful baking powder; 3 tablespoonfuls milk.

Heat water and margarine in pan (not enamel). When boiling, add Yorkshire pudding flour to which baking powder has been added. Stir quickly over flame until paste is smooth and leaves sides of pan. Add sugar. Leave to cool a little. Stir in milk a little at a time. When cool, half-fill well-greased éclair tins or put dessert spoons of paste on greased baking tins for puffs. Closely cover with another baking tin when cooking. Proceed as in previous recipe for éclairs and cream buns.

POOR KNIGHT'S MOUSSE (imitation salmon)

Ingredients: 1 small tin snoek; ½ lb. cooked filleted cod; breakfastcupful cooked peas; breakfastcupful mashed potatoes; ½ pint sauce tartare.

Put all ingredients except peas in a bowl, having flaked fish very small. Beat all together till it forms a thick cream; mix in peas. Pour into well-greased soufflé dish. Heat through in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. about 15 minutes. Serve with braised celery and sauté potatoes. (*Continued on page 70*)

SAVOURY PASTRIES

RAINBOW TARTLETS

Put a teaspoonful of jam at bottom of tartlets. Cover with sponge mixture. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. about 20 minutes. When cold cover with tinted glacé icing, some pink, green, chocolate, white, and put glacé cherry on top of each.

ECCLES TARTLETS

Fill tartlet cases with mincemeat. Lay two narrow strips of pastry over crosswise. Bake 20 minutes as above. When cold fill spaces with tiny coloured marzipan fruits.

Low Temperature Cooking

OLD ideas receive jolts in cookery. One of these ideas is that meat must be roasted in a good oven and juices first sealed in a really hot oven. Experiment has proved that roasting meat in a low oven, Regulo 3 or 275° F. is as good and, in certain respects, better for the cuts of meat often cooked to-day, for these are generally very small and often apt to be tough. As good juices are found to be retained at a low temperature the meat, therefore, remains juicy without the drying and hardening produced by great heat on a small joint. Consequently, by this method meat is little reduced in weight and fuel saving is considerable. Gas set at Regulo 3 saves about twenty per cent on setting 7. A similar saving will be obtained with electricity and other fuels. Fat should be melted in oven before putting in the meat. Baste meat well at outset, it can then be left. Approximate times for cooking meat:

Beef: 20 minutes per lb., without bone; 27 minutes with bone.

Mutton: 27 minutes per lb. Veal and Pork: 33 minutes per lb.—also stuffed meat.

In all cases allow 20 minutes extra for joints under 6 lb.

Potatoes cannot be roasted round meat cooked at a low temperature, but if previously baked can be heated through round joint.

To the aid of the Party

ONE of the rather surprising things from the grown-up point of view in giving a children's party is that they are so perennial; children of to-day still enjoy so many of the games and fun we enjoyed as children ourselves. As a result it's not difficult to plan one. But planning is the essential ingredient for any children's party, for any age groups. In addition, one needs to borrow a couple of helpers who are used to children; practical mothers or the right kind of uncles or aunts, or friends.

It is wise to avoid a wide variation of ages at one party, as the small ones may be in the way of older children's games and vice versa. Better two smaller parties; a dozen very small folk is quite enough! Older children can play more organized games; fifteen or sixteen is a manageable number.

Let's think of the seven-to-elevens, as a start. Write down your programme on the lines of a time-table and give a copy to your helpers so that they, too, know what is going one. If you can decorate the main room beforehand it makes a welcome start. Allow for a spell of lively games directly the children arrive and then have tea in good time before the pleasant sense of stimulation has worn off.

WHAT *sort* of games, will rest on the numbers and ages of the children. If the room is big enough, "twos and threes" might make a good start, because the new arrivals can join in briskly without upsetting the others already playing. In the main the older children prefer games like charades or dumb crambo; one of the helpers can officially go along outside with the actors to help with stage properties, but also with an eye to curtailing arguments and speeding things up before the audience gets bored. Hissing and clapping is a simpler edition of this idea. Sardines is a popular form of hide-and-seek, played in the dark. One person hides and the others seek; very quietly. For when a searcher finds the hidden person he has to pack into the same hiding-place. One by one they all find this hiding-place and cram into it, until only one searcher is left. He or she then has to be the hider next time.

A BLIND-man's-buff version for older children is to blindfold, say, half a dozen of them and provide them with big spoons; wooden if possible. Then hide a saucepan upside down, with a small treasure inside it; place it in some spot under a desk or behind a paper basket and send the "blind men" down on hands and knees to find it, only by means of their spoons tapping. The other hand must be kept behind them. It's as much fun to watch as to play. Another game that this age group enjoys is to have a team of half a dozen again, kneeling on the floor in a row, with hands behind them, and see who can first blow their paper ball into an old hat, or similar receptacle at the far end of the room. You need a paper ball and a hat of course for each child.

IN any competitive games, by the way, it may be a good plan to have points for winning, and then count up all the points at the end of the games for a prize. In this way a child who is not good at one game may make up in another. Among your choice of games for the older children don't forget "Twenty Questions," though you may need an adult question master, and of course a blackboard to acquaint the "audience" with the chosen word that is hidden from the team. Games for the fours, fives and sixes, even, will include all the old-time games: musical bumps (without chairs) or musical chairs; hunt the thimble, or slipper; drop the handkerchief; nuts in May, and so on, with the straighter versions of blind-man's-buff, or hide-and-seek. But with these smaller folk it is a good plan to have a couple of active games and then a quiet one, or excitement can run too high.

PLAN your programme with an eye to each game lasting about fifteen minutes, though charades or older children's games will probably go on longer. But have the programme made out on this plan, for then (*Continued on page* 67)

By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. King George VI
HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD., READING ENGLAND

Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

Biscuits

HOW CIVILISED IS NEW BRITAIN?

New Britain lies in comparative seclusion to the east of New Guinea, and sprang into brief fame as one of the Japanese bases threatening Australia. It was there, off the capital Rabaul, that concentrations of enemy shipping and transports were more than once completely annihilated by the Allied air forces. And now New Britain has returned to its prewar life, a life which is summed up simply as coconuts, road-construction and head-hunting. For New Britain is but little explored, and the interior of this 300-mile crescent is a hideout of cannibalism and barbarity. Yet in the coastal areas, where roads and road transport had brought a new way-of-life, these aboriginal practices have disappeared and the coconut-plantation flourishes where once the savage staged his rituals.

To this civilising process — the march of road-transportation — the Nuffield Organization is justly proud to contribute, and has sent to the unloading quays of Rabaul's palm-fringed harbour the only British cars to be imported since the war — Morris Oxfords. Every one of these cars means that the island's resources are opened up a little bit more, that the traffic in coconut oil is advanced a little further and that *old* Britain can afford a little bit more of New Britain's soap-oils and cooking-fats.

And this is typical of the job the Nuffield Organization is doing all over the world. It is exporting more than 1000 cars and trucks every week, as well as engines and tractors, to help put the country's trading balance on to the credit side again!

A convoy of dollar-earning Morris cars on the way to the docks

THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

MORRIS · WOLSELEY · RILEY · M.G. · MORRIS-COMMERCIAL · NUFFIELD TRACTORS

Overseas business Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

NUFFIELD PRODUCTS

Is it time? ? How much? ? Do I? ? Am I? ? What about? ?

Ask Yourself...

FOR longer than we care to remember, man has levelled the accusation at our long-suffering heads that as a sex we are unable to take criticism.

This, we claim, is one of those infuriating generalizations that are even more anger-making than most, because there's a regrettable amount of truth in it—like the dash of bitters that makes the sweetest cocktail palatable.

May we here and now confound our critics by accepting the challenge. Wives, mothers, hostesses—in fact all homemakers—let us move into a good light and hold up a mirror to our inner selves, chanting the while, "Mirror, mirror, tell me true . . ." but in this case we're not so concerned with your beauty as with the type of person it conceals.

Remember there are two ways of holding up a mirror to yourself. Promise to be scrupulously honest, and don't merely look for what you *wish* to see. Look again, and see what is really there—and you're on the way to better things.

Be utterly ruthless where you're wrong—there's a quite incredible satisfaction in admitting it once you've started—but be constructive.

We're asking some very pointed questions—just to start you thinking. Face them with candour—you can afford to be *quite* honest when you "Ask Yourself."

"Charles likes to know what he is eating"

HAVE you ever spent a whole night in your own guest room to check up on its comforts—or do you treat it as a dumping ground for white elephants?

Can you chastise your child promptly and with dignity, or do you fall back on the old threat—"I'll tell daddy when he comes home"? Can you answer a child's third "Why?" without rasping "Because I *say so"?*

AS a cook, do you believe that a multitude of seasoning hides a multitude of sins?

When your husband is unexpectedly late from the office, can you accept his explanation with grace and real sympathy for his long hours—or are you mainly concerned that dinner is spoiled?

ARE you meticulously careful in choosing your guests for a party to complement each other, or do you mix them wildly and hope for the best?

Do you ever tell more than two anecdotes about your child at one sitting, and do you ever let your friends claim that they too, may have an infant prodigy?

ARE you prepared to admit that you have never heard of a painter now exhibiting, and have you the courage to be seen reading books you enjoy, rather than those recommended by the highbrow critics?

Are you one of the few who can receive a present really graciously, with joy and warm sincerity?

WHEN you entertain one or two intimate friends, can you distinguish between a comfortable and an uncomfortable silence? And can you really enjoy a session of feminine company without indulging in any—repeat *any*—malicious gossip?

Do you take it as a personal affront when the family criticize your cooking? Do you regularly try delicious Continental recipes, or use the old excuse for lack of enterprise—"Charles likes to *know* what he is eating"?

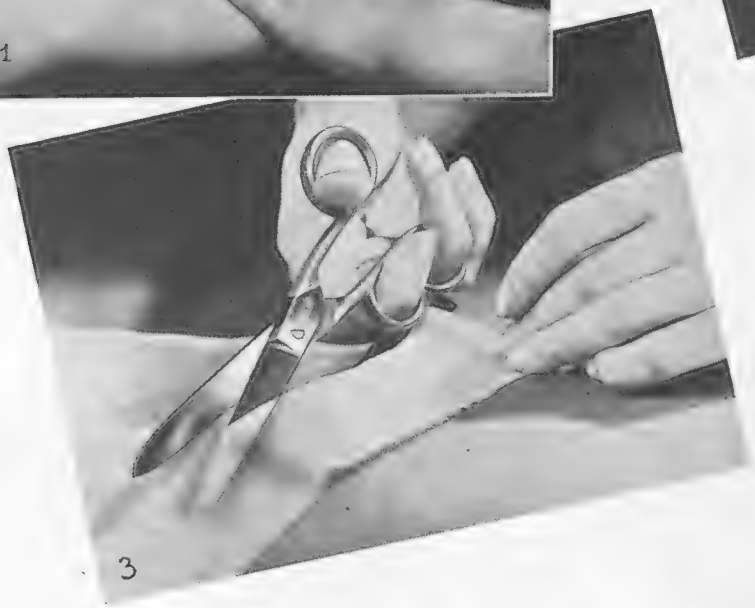
Can you chastise your daily woman without (a) *being terrified that she will flounce out of the house or* (b) *bribing her heavily ten minutes later?*

ARE your cocktails icy cold and is your coffee piping hot? May your guests drink lemonade if they prefer it, without shrieks of horror from their hostess?

Do you always change in the afternoon or evening, even if you are not expecting anybody to call? And whenever a visitor does arrive unexpectedly, have you sufficient poise to show them straight in, or do you usher them to a tidier room—though it may be cold and cheerless?

DO you use the same voice on the telephone to someone with a title as to someone without?

"Because I say so"



Home Maids

Good gadgets are invaluable in the maidless household. Here are some new ones to help the speedy dispatch of routine jobs around the house

1 Specially designed baby nail scissors with rounded points and handles of pastel blue or pink. Price 6s. 10d.

2 A useful combined scoop and measure with a green enamelled handle. Price 1s. 2d.

3 Triple bow dressmaking scissors which enable the left-handed to cut more easily and the right-handed to negotiate the curves of a pattern more efficiently. 9s. 11d.

4 A stainless steel paring knife, with a special finger rest. Available with either green or red enamelled hardwood handles. 1s. 6d.

5 A hollow ground, saw edge bread knife makes a finer and an easier job of bread cutting. This knife is supplied in a holder, just in case of accidents. Price 10s. 11d.

6 A combined electric kettle and saucepan unit which makes an invaluable two-in-one saver. Once the water in the kettle has boiled, the lid can be removed for the saucepan to be inserted for either heating milk for the coffee, or for slow cooking of porridge, etc. The hinged handle allows full freedom for cooking, but locks firmly into place when upright. Price 84s.

If you would like further details of any of these items, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to The Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

SENSATIONAL WASHING DISCOVERY!

Now! even matted woollens look soft as new again!

FAMOUS FASHION MODEL

Dorothy Cuff

tells how DREFT "washed newness" into this once-discarded jumper!

DOROTHY CUFF — fashion model and housewife, says, "Now I've seen for myself how wonderful DREFT is, I'd never trust my dainty things to anything else. A regular dip in gentle DREFT is my home fashion rule now. And honestly, my own woollens, silks and stockings stay as lovely-looking as any I show in fashion salons. Another thing I've found—regular DREFT washing makes my dainty fabrics last longer! DREFT's a real wardrobe-saver!"

"This jumper had gradually got matted and thickened by ordinary washing, you see. One day I rescued it and washed it the new, safe way—in DREFT. See the difference! DREFT actually brought back its fleecy softness! Now it's DREFT always — especially for Baby's woollies!"

★ A REGULAR DIP WITH **dreft** MAKES DAINTY FABRICS LAST LONGER!

Master OXO

puts new life into old potatoes

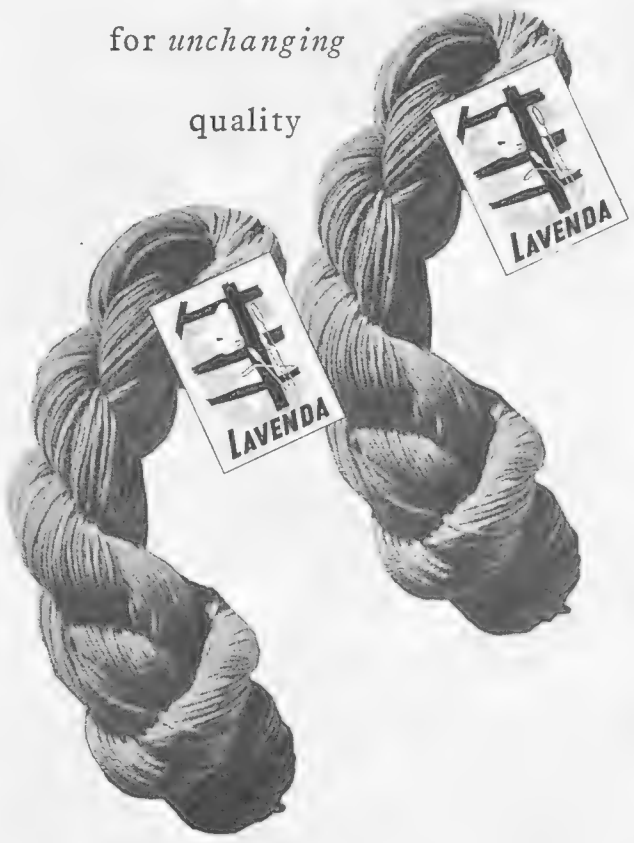
STUFFED POTATOES

1 large well-shaped potato for each person.
To each potato:
½ oz. butter or margarine. ½ an Oxo cube or ½ ½ oz. grated cheese. teaspoon Oxo fluid.
A little Milk, Salt and Pepper.

Scrub the potatoes and bake in their jackets. When cooked cut a thin slice from the top of each. Scoop out the centres into a bowl. Mash well with a fork and add the finely crumbled Oxo cube or fluid, butter, cheese, salt and pepper and sufficient milk to make the mixture fluffy. Beat well, refill the potato cases and return them to the oven or under the grill to brown the tops. The cheese may be omitted if preferred.

spun the special LAVENDA way

for *unchanging* quality



The Dragon And The Dreambreaker (*Continued from page 26*)

"I'm having fun now. If I had any more then I'd be having more fun than work and my work would suffer."

"This is damned silly. You talk as if work were the most important thing in the world."

"It is. Besides, this is my first assignment for a new paper and the editor or someone might very well come over to check up and see just how hard I do work."

"How big is he? I'll handle him."

"I've no idea, but he has a reputation for being efficient and anyway I'd rather handle my own affairs."

"Miss Independence, 1949," said a woman's voice over her shoulder.

Miss Pentecost twisted in her seat. "Hallo, Nell."

Nell Fielding accepted Wog's chair while another was brought. Her presence in Nice was a social affair as opposed to Agatha's position. It was a distinction that Miss Fielding was inclined to stress.

She accepted a cigarette from Wog, and her eyes studied Agatha over the lighter flame. "I hope I'm not interrupting a quarrel?"

Agatha propped her elbows on the table. "No, just interrupting."

Miss Fielding's voice was silky. "Poor Agatha. Working all day is making you irritable. I'm glad I'm not a slave of the Press."

"I think the Press would agree."

"They'd probably agree to anything. They seem easily pleased."

The waiter slid a chair under Wog and he sat down gingerly like a hen aware of its eggs. "Now, now," he said anxiously, "you two musn't quarrel."

"We're not quarrelling," said Nell Fielding softly, "but we might if you danced with me, Wog?" She looked directly at Agatha.

Agatha was also aware of Wog watching her, faintly embarrassed. "You two run along," she said. "I shouldn't mind at all. I'll make eyes at my dragon."

Nell followed her gaze with a slight smile. "He looks harmless enough but dragons can be dangerous."

"I can look after myself—if Wog can." Agatha smiled as they left her.

When they were lost to sight on the dance floor she looked across at him. The book was now open beside his plate and he was unconscious of the world about him. Agatha decided to take the dragon by the tail.

She went across. "Discretion is still on holiday. May I join you? I've been temporarily deserted."

He was on his feet before she had finished speaking. "Please do, Miss Pentecost."

"You know my name?"

"Only your second name. I saw your card in the Press box a couple of days ago."

"Oh."

"Would you like to dance?" The green eyes regarded her impersonally.

"No I don't think so, thank you."

"Not at all."

A polite silence enveloped them. Agatha, having taken the dragon by the tail, didn't know what to do with it.

The dragon was smiling. "You look as if you have a problem?"

"You sound as if you have a ghoulish interest in other people's problems?"

"Not ghoulish, clinical. A most frustrating hobby too, because no one ever talks about their problems, except in the agony columns of course. You know I think there ought to be a Radio Psychiatrist as well as a Radio Doctor. It would have a dual interest, you could have your problems treated and my clinical interest would be satisfied."

Agatha was laughing. "You seem determined to settle me with a problem." The waiter set a glass at her elbow and she sipped it.

"No, it's not that." He scratched his blue chin thoughtfully. "I'm interested in my idea. Tell you what, I'll demonstrate it. You be the lady with a problem and I'll be the doctor."

"Doctor who?"

He grinned. "All practitioners on the air must remain anonymous. Give me a hypothetical problem."

"What about the oldest one in the world. Romance and the Career girl?"

"That's too easy because it doesn't really exist. You see it depends on the girl. If she is capable of (*a*) making a satisfactory home for a husband and family, and (*b*) also giving time to a career, then the problem doesn't arise. If she is not capable of both and is in love then she must stick to (*a*). If she is not in love then she can't do better than keep to (*b*). So it reverts to the oldest problem in the world, whether or not the girl is really in love."

"I see."

"Do you?" He was grinning broadly now, "There's a very old and well-tried maxim, that a woman never makes a general statement unless it has a personal application."

"I'm afraid we're off the air, it'll have to wait. Could we dance now?"

On the floor Agatha relaxed. Doctor X gave her a curious feeling of security. She let her forehead rest lightly against the blue chin. "Did you manage to finish your dream to-day?"

"I haven't finished it yet."

"Oh." Over his shoulder Agatha was looking for Wog and Nell. They had disappeared. She thought they must be in the bar.

When the music stopped she said, "Thank you. That was lovely. I think I'll go outside where it's cooler."

"I'll come with you."

"I don't want to impose on you. At least if you can't finish your dream you can finish your book."

"You're not imposing on me. I could do with some fresh air."

They moved through the tables. Outside, Agatha rested her arms on the balustrade. A silver path ran across the sea right up to them. Agatha watched the waves winking back at the moon.

"To-morrow's the last day. I shall miss all this." She laughed. "I'm getting sentimental. I must be moonstruck."

"You can be moonstruck in London."

He put a hand on the balustrade beside her and Agatha Pentecost sensed a change in the atmosphere. She looked up swiftly. The eyes of Dr. X were like dark pools. In their liquid depths a devil danced. He stooped and kissed her gently.

Agatha remained rigid.

As he straightened she drew a quick breath. "Dr. X collecting his fee?"

"There is no fee. I was finishing my dream."

"I think we'd better go in." Agatha's voice was unsteady.

SNAPPING the locks of her suitcase Agatha heard a tap at the door. She looked up. "Come in."

Wog came in. He was wearing a teddy bear coat and looking portentous. He stroked an imaginary Mephistophelean beard. "This is it," he hissed.

Agatha's eyes widened. "What do you mean, Wog. What are you playing at?"

"The playing, my dear Agatha, is over. You're being abducted."

"But——"

Wog's upraised hand interrupted her. "The car is below. We're being married at the little chapel in Varonne."

"Oh Wog, no! I don't want——"

"I shall give you ten minutes and no more, to pack. I'll be waiting outside. No tricks," he added sternly.

Agatha, horrified, watched the door closing behind him. "But Wog——" She swung about and her reflection looked back at her desperately from the mirror.

She didn't want this to happen. She became obsessed with the idea that she must escape. Anywhere, so long as it was out of Wog's reach. She ran lightly to the window and clambered out. The sun balcony ran away in both directions and she went to the left, climbing over the partition. Her heart was beating with unaccustomed speed and she tapped on the window of the next room. Nothing happened and looking through she could see the room was empty.

She slid the window up and dropped inside. There were suitcases and a grip stacked on the bed.

As she crossed the room a voice spoke from the bathroom door. "Good Lord! A burglar!"

Agatha swung about with a hand to her mouth. "You!" she said.

Dr. X was leaning in the doorway swinging a spongebag. "Are you a burglar?" he went on politely.

Agatha felt her face growing hot. "I'm terribly sorry," she stammered, "you see I'm running away."

He opened the grip and dropped in the spongebag and a toilet case. "Where to?"

"To England. I suppose."

"That's a long way." He looked up at her and his green eyes were queerly reflective. "Are you certain you're not making a fool of yourself?"

"I'd be making a fool of myself if I stayed."

"H'mmm. All right. In that case I shan't complain to the management about this intrusion."

"Oh—er, thank you." Agatha moved towards the door.

"Aren't you taking any luggage?" said the voice behind her.

Agatha looked over her shoulder. "No. I—I'll get the hotel to send it on." She reached for the door handle.

"You've got the money for your fare of course?" The voice was cool and detached.

She stared blindly at the floor. "Actually I haven't. I thought of hitch-hiking."

"H'mmm. But I suppose you have enough money to pay the bill. These hotels have been rather careful since the currency restrictions."

Agatha turned round slowly. "That settles it I suppose. I was being rather stupid." She walked back towards the window. "I'll go back. I'm sorry I——"

"Just a moment. I happen to be leaving myself. In fact in about five minutes' time. If you turn right when you go out, there are some back stairs at the end of the passage. You'll find my car in the park. Morris 1932 vintage, grey-painted body." He grinned. "You can't mistake it. I'll see you there in ten minutes."

"That's awfully kind of you, but——"

"Don't argue. Hurry." He came alive suddenly and opened the door for her. "Every second is precious, in case we're pursued. A Lagonda is much faster than my car."

Agatha said, "Yes it is," mechanically and realized suddenly that her companion was not as sleepy as he looked. She took the decision. "All right," she said and slipped out into the corridor.

Dr. X closed the door and humming quietly to himself crossed to the telephone. He asked for a porter and then went thoughtfully downstairs.

"I want my bill," he said at the desk, "and the bill of Miss Pentecost. She is leaving her luggage and will let you know where to send it on."

As he was paying, Wog came full tilt out of the lift. "Have you seen Miss Pentecost?" he asked the receptionist breathlessly.

As the receptionist opened her mouth Dr. X said, "I've seen her. She just took a taxi for the station. Said she was catching the first train for Paris."

Wog grabbed his hand and shook it. "Thanks, old man. You've saved the situation." He flung out the revolving doors.

Dr. X grimaced after him. He certainly had saved the situation. The receptionist was looking at him obliquely. "I didn't see Miss Pentecost go out, M'sieu."

"Then you are a very bad receptionist. Of course she went out just in front of me. Why should I deceive the man."

"It is possible that I am a bad receptionist but if M'sieu will pardon my saying so, he is also a very bad liar."

"Thank you," said Dr. X, taking the receipts. "Whatever that may mean."

"It means, M'sieu, that although we may not see everyone (*Continued on page 56*)

To bathe your hair in shimmering beauty..

There's more foam in

THE CREAM SHAMPOO

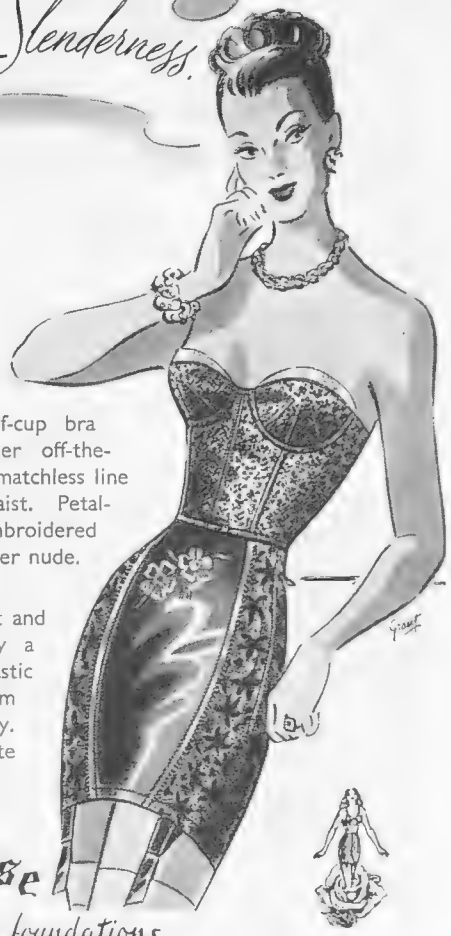
BRYLFOAM

Brylfoam gives you more cleansing foam — to give you cleaner, more radiant hair, to bring out the highlights, to make it softer, smoother, easier to arrange. Whether your hair is dry or greasy, dark or fair, Brylfoam's luxurious, creamy lather will shampoo it to perfection. Ask for Brylfoam, the shampoo you use straight from the tube, without preparation or special rinses—the shampoo that is kind to kiddies' hair, too.

New outsize tube 1/10d. Smaller handy tube, 9½d.

19 23

Teamed for Slenderness



A waist-deep, wired half-cup bra for exquisite wear under off-the-shoulder gowns, giving a matchless line to bust, midriff and waist. Petal-smooth in satin and embroidered net, nude, white, black over nude.

The fashionable high waist and slim hipline moulded by a delicious girdle of lace elastic and satin elastic, firm although light and dainty. Nude or black, with delicate embroidered motif.

English Rose

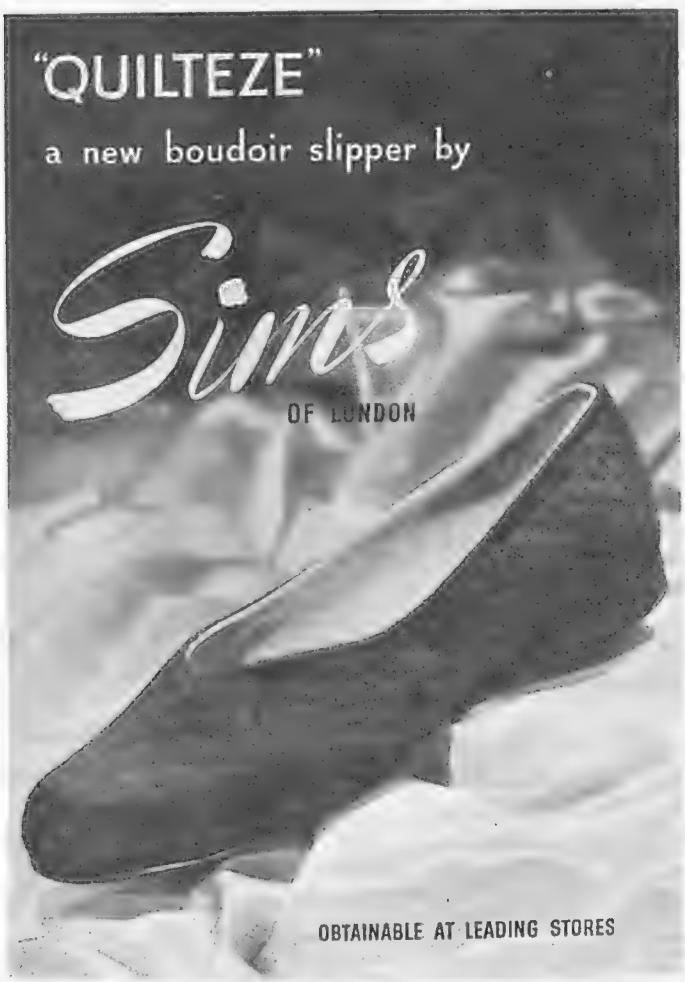
the flower of modern foundations

"QUILTEZE"

a new boudoir slipper by

Sirs

OF LONDON



OBTAINABLE AT LEADING STORES

HOW TO STAY HAPPY...

though wed to a bookworm

He read in bed and kept her awake. She got him an Anglepoise that puts the light on the subject, not in *her* eyes. She uses this wonderful 1001 angle lamp too for her own reading, writing and sewing. Flexible to an astonishing degree, Anglepoise takes any angle you want—and stays there, rock steady, till you move it at a finger touch. Saves current—needs only a 25 watt bulb. Now in slightly better supply in electricians and stores.

THE TERRY Anglepoise Lamp

[Pat. All Countries]

Sole Makers:

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD. REDDITCH · London · Manchester · Birmingham

that goes in and out, we see a lot of other important things."

Dr. X went out to the car. As he opened the door he saw it was empty. He paused for a moment smiling wryly. Then he settled himself behind the wheel. "The lady is fickle," he said out loud.

He heard a muffled voice from the back. "I'm not fickle. I'm on the floor under this rug. Wog just came out so I hid."

Dr. X winked at his reflection in the driving mirror. "Well you can get up now. He's gone."

He heard a scuffle behind him and she came tumbling over into the front seat. "Let's hurry."

"There's no need. I have a feeling that our pursuer is on the train to Paris."

They drove smoothly out on to the main road.

The wind whipped the colour to Agatha's cheeks and she leant back sighing contentedly.

"If the wind is bothering you," said her companion, "we can put the roof up."

"No, I love it."

"There's some chocolate in the front pocket. Let's sustain ourselves."

Agatha rummaging for the chocolate pulled out a magazine. "Good heavens! Look what I've found. This is the magazine I've just started working for."

"Is it?" Dr. X sounded uneasy.

She turned to him laughing. "Left here by one of your lady passengers, no doubt." Then she stopped laughing. She had seen the date. "That's funny," her voice was quiet, "it's dated next Friday."

Dr. X coughed and kept his eyes on the road. "They usually send me one in advance when I'm not at the office."

"Not at the office. . . ." echoed Agatha faintly. "Then you must be——"

The Dragon And The Dreambreaker

"I'm the editor."

Agatha bit her lip and looked straight ahead. The silence lasted for a mile. "You must have been having an amusing time," she said bitterly.

"On the contrary. I was very concerned about a member of the staff."

"You didn't show it."

"I couldn't. I've tried not to concern myself in the personal affairs of the staff up to now."

"Up to now?"

Dr. X turned to look at her briefly. His green eyes were dancing. "From now on," he said softly, "I intend to take a very close interest in a certain member of the staff."

END

Europe On A Dime (*Continued from page 9*)

so of Basle, Swiss Clapham Junction upon which all senior wanglers in currency converge at one time or another. There's a chuckle for them in the fact that Basle is the home of the Bank of World Payments, where there's "everything but a roulette table," as the saying goes. All clothed in spotless legality, of course. But so, too, is the astute currency juggling at Basle Station.

This is how an American couple travelled second class through parts of France and Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Switzerland, for an outlay of exactly sixpence—2000 miles for the equivalent of a New York subway fare. All they needed was pre-knowledge of the economic facts of life along the projected route.

The pair started from Paris with 2,200 francs and $400 in travellers' cheques. The francs paid the first leg to Basle. Here $200 were changed at the official rate given only to tourists—4.26 Swiss francs. At the next window the 842 Swiss francs just received, were changed back into dollars, but this time at the free rate which happened to be 3.97 that day. The teller paid out $214.60, which left the couple approximately £5 10s. richer than when they left the first window.

Next step was to purchase the various currencies to be used for train fares. Black market rates were available, but it is all legal and called the free rate. The couple took 4,400 French francs at 405 to the dollar (official rate 315)—1,400 Czech crowns at 400 (official 50)—330 Austrian schillings at 40 (official 10)—and 27 Swiss francs at 3.97 (official 4.26). Total cost: $29.30.

They took the train to Prague, via Karlsruhe, but avoided taking tickets beforehand. On international trains these are computed in dollars, but conductors on the train will, with a little encouragement, accept payment in the currency of the country ahead. So instead of parting with $16, the wily voyagers discarded 900 Czech crowns for the journey to the Czech border, and there bought a ticket on to Prague for a further 500 crowns.

From Prague to Vienna meant another 800 crowns. But banish the thought of changing $16! Instead the connoisseurs drew 160 of their stock of Austrian schillings and acquired Czech crowns at the rate of one to five.

In Vienna the Arlberg express was boarded. It goes all the way to Paris, but our couple bought tickets only to the Swiss frontier at Buchs with the 170 schillings they had left. At Buchs they went to the money exchange office in the station and cashed their last $200 in travellers' cheques. They followed the same procedure as at Basle a week earlier, and again completed the deal with more than $214.

From Buchs to Basle took the twenty-seven Swiss francs which had been earmarked for that purpose, and the journey on to Paris absorbed 2,200 of the 4,400 French francs which had also been acquired at Basle. This found the travellers back in Paris with the same amount of francs as they had when they left—2,200. And since they had profited by over $29 in Switzerland, they had $399.50 in greenbacks for the $400 with which they had set out. The cost of transport through five countries had been precisely a dime instead of $82. And they had done this without running any risk of prosecution.

Subsequent devaluations have reduced some of the foregoing possibilities, yet Basle Station remains a magnet to Americans of mathematical bent, just as Tangier operates in the same blithe fashion for transatlantic travellers to the Mediterranean.

I recently met a former American colleague in Paris, now living in Tangier, who said he could live there, if he wished, on nothing at all! He has a wife and a flat and accumulated dollars behind him, and, to use his own words: "I just stroll down the main hill between ten in the morning and noon and play the exchanges." Everything goes in Tangier, even to buying gold at a passing whim, and my ex-colleague (who, I recalled, always used to beat me on finance stories) said he used seven basic currencies with which to do his daily juggling.

"Of course we have some outgoings," he rounded off his true fairy tale. "But that's parties and non-essential spending. We *could* actually drag along on nothing at all."

I expect some people will think it very bad of me to air matters like these, but the answer to that is: let the Governments do away with their crazy, maddening, imprisoning currency maze! Revelations of how they can be diddled may jog them a bit more.

The year 1950 may well hit an all-high for travel in Europe, beating 1927 and 1937. Besides the American avalanche, several million pilgrims are expected to get into motion in connection with Holy Year. The Vatican is catering for a minimum of 2,000,000, and already the Italian police have noticed an influx of pickpockets, cardsharpers, confidence tricksters, beggars, and persons hoping to act as guides and interpreters. And experts at the exchanges, I'll bet, too.

Perhaps when the various Governments have allowed a record amount of tourist money to slip through their fingers, thanks to the operation of Black Bourses, they'll be jogged another bit forward.

Incidentally the most extraordinary Black Bourse is in Vienna. It has two principal functions: to run the black market currency exchanges, with quotations freely arrived at as in other buying and selling markets, and to arrange the transfer of money from one country to another so that a business operator will not have to risk his capital by smuggling currency himself and endangering it by confiscation.

It was while absorbing "atmosphere" off Vienna's Graben, or species of Piccadilly Circus, that I first gazed upon White Pounds. This is the popular name for the five and ten-pound notes believed to have been forged at Hitler's order and still floating round Europe. There are also masses of phoney greenback dollar notes which are bought by a black banker of criminal bent, from a manufacturer's "agent" for fifty per cent of face value.

Alas, I can only touch on that knowing-the-ropes angle. Advice hinges principally on restaurants and hotel or other accommodation. Typical is this about the first: "Owners of economical stomachs will avoid quaint restaurants with indoor or outdoor murals, restaurants with napkins, restaurants with fresh paint, and, above all, restaurants with no menu posted outside."

I concur that best of all are the *bistros*—the little cafés where working-men swallow gargantuanly in the back reaches. One pays for bread by the piece, and for the luxury of a napkin, and wine by the quarter litre. Even now, in such a prohibiting place as Paris, *bistro* prices on the Left Bank are—soup 10-20 francs, omelette 70-90 francs, and steak 80-120 francs, with wine at 35 francs a quarter.

Such a meal will cost a dollar-holder, say, the equivalent of 75 cents. Twice a day, and *petit dejeuner*, the food bill need amount to no more than $15 a week.

The cheapest accommodation is the furnished room, and the sound advice is given to fix on a specific quarter and visit all the *concierges*. Other aids are small ads and telling one's friends. It is still quite possible to get fixed in tolerable surroundings for as little as $5 a week, and if you add another $5 a week for playing about modestly, it becomes apparent how the much-favoured young American can get along even in this Paris on little more than $100 a month. All he wants is a little capital to make it *travel compris* on the Basle Station model.

END

The Long Arm (*Continued from page 15*)

Monica tried to keep a note of excitement out of her voice.

"You've been to see her house, haven't you? Is there anything to distinguish it from dozens of other villas of similar date and design?"

"I did slip over there," the colonel admitted. "No, it's a common enough pattern—a couple of gables and bow windows and so on."

"Did the old lady's bedroom window look out on to a lawn?"

Colonel Chaplin nodded.

"Is there a tree on the lawn?"

"Come to think of it," the colonel said, "there is. A monkey puzzle. Horrible old object, half dead. Must have been there long before these new villas were built."

Monica took a deep breath.

"One last question," she said. "How was the old lady's bedroom furnished?"

Colonel Chaplin's eyebrows went up again and he stared at his niece.

"I expected a lot of old-fashioned junk," he said. "But not at all. Cream-washed walls and a suite of this new utility stuff—bed and all. Brand (*Continued on page 58*)

That Cow & Gate Look!

Cow & Gate has achieved a world-wide reputation as the perfect substitute when natural feeding fails, by refusing to compromise between quality and cost. Nothing that trouble, expense, and attention to detail can provide is too good for Cow & Gate—and nothing but the best is good enough for your baby!

Don't be put off with anything but the best. The foundation of your child's future life can only be laid once and therefore you cannot afford to take any chances. Insist on the best for your baby. Start using Cow & Gate today and be proud of That COW & GATE Look!

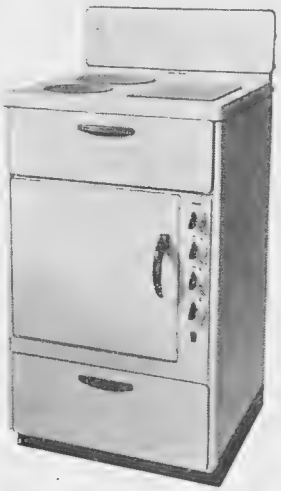
COW & GATE MILK FOOD
The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

The new abridged Edition of "MOTHERHOOD" is now available. Send 6d in stamps for your copy to Cow & Gate Ltd., Dept. B.E., Guildford, Surrey.

4522

'FOR MY HOUSE—

I want a cooker that lightens my toil, that cooks like a dream and is quick on the boil'



If your present electric cooker has reached 'retirement age'—make its successor a Creda! When your Creda reports for duty, you'll be quite astonished and delighted at the way it lightens your work. You see, Creda cookers are built to new and exclusive designs: they cook better than anything you've ever known before, they're fast boiling, and so easy to clean! Have you yet seen one of the new Creda models? They're on display at your local Electricity Showrooms or Contractor

Creda Electric Cookers

MADE BY THE HOUSE OF Simplex

Simplex Electric Company Limited
Oldbury Birmingham & Branches

A TI COMPANY

You can depend on this Liberty model for long, hard wear and complete satisfaction. It is as comfortable as it is good looking. Made in tan sports calf.

LIBERTY SHOES LTD., LEICESTER

WHAT A PITY!

to risk

losing half her teeth

by the time she's 40

because of

Mouth Acid

Why do most people lose half their teeth before they're forty? Dentists say that one of the main causes is mouth acid—particularly harmful to young teeth.

To check acid, many dentists advise 'Milk of Magnesia'★, contained only in one toothpaste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Make sure your child uses this anti-acid toothpaste; its delightful mint flavour makes them eager to use it regularly—safeguarding their teeth during these early important years.

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

new. The 'X's' told me they had persuaded the old girl to have the room done up and refurnished. More hygienic and easier to keep clean."

Monica nodded.

"I think," she began slowly, "that it might clear the situation up if you, in your turn, asked a few people a few questions."

"Such as——?" the colonel demanded.

"What time the 'X's' and the old lady set out on this last expedition to see her son's grave and what time they returned? Whether the old lady was particularly attached to the monkey puzzle on her lawn and whether her nephew had suggested cutting it down? And whether 'X' had rented another villa about twenty miles away and whether he had recently decorated and furnished one room in it and one room only?"

Colonel Chaplin picked up his glass and stared very hard at its contents.

"Is this the effect of vintage port," he inquired, "or the result of reading too many detective stories?"

MARCUS GREEN looked up.

"Anyone want to accept *A Better Door than a Window?* No one? Good. Which brings us to an old friend, *Tumbrils and Tulip Trees.*

Monica Chaplin looked anxiously across the table at Mrs. Jackman.

"Before we come to Monica's report," Marcus Green went on, "perhaps I'd better refresh your memories by skimming through Mr. Catchpole's account of the plot. I'll try and summarize. Elderly invalid Baronet . . . confined to bedroom at Water Park . . . looked after by couple called Maugersbury . . . son dead and cousin is his heir . . . cousin lives near by . . . Maugersburys want Baronet to make new will cutting out cousin and leaving fortune to them . . . Baronet's bedroom looks out on to a lawn with a fine tulip tree growing on it . . . cousin thinks tree unsafe and wants to cut it down . . . Baronet seriously upset by this suggestion . . . once a year Maugersburys take Baronet in their car to see son's grave . . . Maugersbury is an educated chap with special interest in architecture . . . Water Park was built and laid out at end of eighteenth century for the first baronet by James Wyatt . . . Wyatt also provided furniture and decorations throughout . . . first Baronet so pleased with result that he instructed Wyatt to build and furnish an exactly identical house on a practically identical site on another property he owned twenty miles from Water Park . . . this second house passed out of Baronet's family in last century but period furnishings and decorations retained intact . . . Maugersbury visits this replica house and finds it is let furnished . . . room corresponding to Baronet's bedroom at Water Park identical in every respect down to tattered but still resplendent eighteenth-century bed-hangings and curtains . . . lawn in front of replica house exactly like that at Water Park except no tulip tree . . . brilliant idea strikes Maugersbury who rents replica house for a year . . . time comes for another expedition to Baronet's son's grave . . . en route Maugersburys give Baronet strong sedative which sends him to sleep . . . instead of going to churchyard they drive to replica house and carry the old gentleman, still unconscious, up to room corresponding to his own bedroom at Water Park . . . Baronet wakes up in what he takes to be his own familiar bed in his own familiar room . . . Maugersburys explain that he had been taken ill in car and they have brought him straight back . . . Baronet feels better and gets up . . . goes over to window . . . familiar view but no tulip tree, only mass of debris on lawn, deposited by Maugersbury . . . Baronet flies into passion because heir has done the dirty on him and has felled his beloved tree . . . vows he will make new will, will have no more to do with his cousin, and will never leave his bed again . . . is given another sedative and while unconscious is taken back to Water Park . . . wakes up in his own bed and next morning sends for lawyer and doctor . . . makes new will leaving fortune to Maugersburys . . . a week later Maugersburys bump him off with an overdose of sleeping medicine——"

"I'm sorry," old Mr. Hither interrupted, "but I'm getting hopelessly confused. All this business of two identical houses. We heard nothing of that last Thursday."

"You got tired of the report before we reached it," Marcus Green said.

"Small wonder," observed Mrs. Jackman. "Did you ever hear such nonsense? And even more improbable is the way in which the detective unmasks the crime."

"Let's see what Monica has to say," Marcus Green suggested. "Miss Chaplin's report is short and snappy. 'I think the plot is ingenious and perfectly practicable; and I suggest that it is unwise to say that, once committed, the crime could not be detected because, even in real life, the long arm of coincidence has to be reckoned with.'"

"*Well,*" said Mrs. Jackman, fixing Monica with a very stony eye, "and do you seriously imagine that identical duplicate houses really exist?"

"Of course they do," Monica said. "I don't know about eighteenth-century mansions, but heaps and heaps of exactly identical villas were built between the wars on almost identically laid-out building estates."

"And what has that got to do with it, may I ask?"

"Quite a lot," Monica said humbly. "Substitute two identical villas for Water Park and its double; substitute two suites of utility bedroom furniture for Wyatt's duplicated sets of furnishings; substitute an old lady for the baronet and a monkey puzzle for the tulip tree; and you have a crime that was actually planned and carried out quite recently."

Mrs. Jackman was staring at her with rea alarm.

"What on earth do you mean?" she demanded. "This is a detective story—fiction. It's got nothing to do with an actual crime."

"It has, though," Monica said. "And the couple who planned this real-life trickery and murder were arrested this morning—on the instructions of my uncle, as a matter of fact."

"You mean," Marcus Green put in, "that some couple who were looking after an old lady got hold of the manuscript of this book and used Ahearne Guiting's plot as a basis for making her change her will—and then murdered her?"

Monica Chaplin shook her head.

"The male half of the couple didn't get hold of the manuscript," she said. "He wrote it. He must have written this book while he was planning an actual crime on exactly the same lines. It was a crazy risk to take, but I suppose that he was very proud of the idea and wanted to use it in a book as well as in real life. The long arm of coincidence came in because you happened to give me this particular manuscript to read at a week end when I happened to be staying with my uncle."

"Who *is* Ahearne Guiting?" Marcus Green demanded.

"And if it comes to that, who is your uncle?"

Mrs. Jackman showed signs of becoming rattled.

"My uncle," Monica explained, "is Chief Constable of Grebeshire; and the name ofthe couple who were arrested this morning is Catchpole — Cyril and Maud Catchpole."

END

The Way Of The Tides (*Continued from page 16*)

by land and sea, that the like had not been known by men then alive. The sea, forced contrarie to his natural course, flowed twice without ebbing, yeelding such a roaring that the same was heard a farre distance from the shore." Many tall ships sank at their moorings on that fatal night. Houses, inns, churches, bridges, warehouses, mills were swept away; and although the citizens tried for a time to restore the prosperity of the town, it never regained its former position. A second inundation thirty-five years later drowned the town again and all the surrounding levels from Pett to Hythe, and it was New Winchelsea, built on a fresh and higher site, which became one of the most powerful of the Cinque Ports.

THE Winchelsea inundations were almost certainly tidal waves, caused by a submarine upheaval, probably in the Atlantic Ocean bed. The phenomenon of the "red and swelled" moon, mentioned by Holinshed, is well known to dwellers on the coast of South America as a sign of an approaching "terremoto," or earthquake, and the following account of the disaster which practically wiped out the little nitrate port of Arica has many points in common with the long-age tragedy of Old Winchelsea.

At 5 p.m. the town was laid in ruins by the "terremoto," and half an hour later cries of "*La Mar—La Mar*" ("the sea—the sea") heralded the appearance of the dreaded tidal wave. The first wave was not very high. It did not break but receded, leaving ships in the bay, which had been lying in five fathoms, grounded on their anchors like small craft on a beach. Then came the second wave, which, with a tossing crest sixty feet high and travelling at a great pace, broke with disastrous effect on the doomed town. So great was its force that large vessels, among them the Peruvian frigate *Americano* and the Liverpool barque *Chanarcillo* were tossed up like toy boats five hundred yards above high water mark. The frantic cries of the wretched inhabitants many of them unable to extricate themselves from the ruins of their homes, completed the terror of the scene, and only the roar of the advancing wave put an end to them at last.

GENERALLY speaking, however, England's tidal phenomena are of a less dramatic kind, and among them one of the most noteworthy is that which gives the port of Southampton the advantage of an extra two hours of high water. This double tide, which is, briefly, caused by the alternating flow of tidal currents through the Spithead and Solent channels, rises to high water mark, then ebbs for about an hour, and again rises for another hour and a half until it reaches a point at, or a little higher than, its first high water mark. Incidentally, this double tide is probably at the bottom of the familiar story of Canute's rebuke to his courtiers. One can imagine no more suitable spot for the purpose. Not a doubt King Canute, a Norseman and a seaman, knew the ways of the tide, and it must have given him acute satisfaction, after first seeing the water apparently obeying his command, when it once more continued its rise, to the confusion of the surrounding flatterers.

AWAY to the west at what is now the quiet seaside resort of Sidmouth, once a brisk and prosperous seaport, a much humbler, but little less famous personage, had her being. Mrs. Partington of Clifton Cottages, as the modern phrase so aptly expresses it, "could take it." Hers was the dour, stubborn spirit of London in the blitz. When a high tide, with a south-westerly gale behind it, swept away the Chet reef which protected the little harbour, and poured in upon the beach where her dwelling stood, Mrs. Partington stood her ground. Let her neighbours fly in panic if they liked. Not she! Valiantly arming herself with her mop, she donned her pattens and set to work to put the sea back where it belonged. Sydney Smith's words are well known: "The Atlantic was roused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up, but I need not tell you the conflict was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington." Well, (*Continued on page 61*)

THE CIGARETTE WITH THE EXCLUSIVE FILTER

This is a new Princess Slip. With a double, bias-cut brassiere top and adjustable shoulder straps, it is designed to flatter the bust line. The straight-cut panelled skirt slims the hip and yet gives that flare to the hem which is the keynote of the perfect foundation

Sizes **32"— 44**

Prices : **29/11** and **34/6** according to size

KAYSER BONDOR

IN SEVEN SIZES

TAILORED WITH **YOU** IN MIND

of course, the Reverend Canon was making political capital out of the story. All the same, the Partington spirit was the real British spirit—the spirit that never knows when it is beaten—and I for one should like to see that doughty matron duly honoured in her native place.

THE spring tide entering the mouth of a river from an expanse of shallow water gives rise to the awe-inspiring phenomenon known as a "bore" or "eagre," the latter name, probably, derived from that of a Norse deity—Aegir—whom the Danish-descended inhabitants of the east coast held responsible for the terrifying and often destructive wave. The Severn Bore is, of course, the best-known in these islands, but the Trent Eagre is little less spectacular, and even the sluggish little river Parret which crawls so sleepily through ancient Bridgwater awakens periodically to activity for a like cause.

The high tides in the Thames which occasionally remind Londoners of their river's existence by causing him to overflow

Tides And Their Ways

his boundaries and flood cellars and lower floors of houses, are due to a somewhat similar cause; an exceptionally high tide, with a strong gale pushing it forward, meeting the outward flow of the river, especially if it be swollen by heavy rains. Such tides, although of course they are only of occasional occurrence, are frequently recorded in the history of the river, and a system of signals is now in operation to lessen the risk of damage.

END

On The Spot

(*Continued from page 23*)

your funeral. I contemplate it sadly and bitterly." He stood there, fingering his wisp of a beard.

"There is no hope," sighed Wang. "All that remains is for me to pray that my ancestors greet me kindly." He shook his head, and murmured: "Though my grandmother on my mother's side of the family always foretold that I should come to a bad end. I fear that in my life I have done nothing to earn her approval and so——"

"Wait," said Ku. "I have an idea. May I be permitted to say that I have always battled against circumstance? We must, somehow, rid ourselves of this young woman who fails so completely to gladden the eye. With my experience in such matters it should not be difficult to discover a fairer blossom."

Wang laughed scornfully, then apologized for his rudeness. "You have been in distant places so much, my admired friend, that you have forgotten our customs. While it is true that the parents of the bride-to-be are expected to produce a dowry commensurable to their means, the arrangements for obtaining a concubine are exactly the reverse. As, with a lamentable lack of ingenuity, I parted with the required sum to the parents of Kweifei, there is no money left. Without money, such a transaction you suggest becomes impossible."

"Then we must first of all sell Kweifei," Ku decided.

"Where are we to find this wealthy man who is not only blind but also feeble-minded?" Wang demanded.

Ku glanced over his shoulder at the inn. "I would imagine that Chou Shih who keeps this place is a man of avarice," he observed.

"Judging by his charges, I would agree," said Wang.

"Also, he is a man of undoubted energy, one of those rare personages who welcomes work. I overheard it said of him that he regards a wife as a luxury, as unproductive as a silk screen. Perhaps——"

"You are saying these things to comfort me," declared Wang. "But when the wind of hope dies, one is becalmed in despair. No, my good friend, leave me to my mournful task of preparing to visit my ancestors. Even the Yellow Emperor could not have prevailed upon such a man to take so unornamental a woman——"

"We shall see," said Ku. "Among the trifles which I have gathered during my travels is a little knowledge of a strange Western art called salesmanship. Among the foreign devils it is considered far more important to persuade the man who does not wish to buy, to enter your shop; than it is to serve those customers who are already waiting at the counter. Once he is inside, you charge him the price which is already marked on the goods."

"Incredible," said Wang. "So all the bargaining, as it were, is done outside the shop door. It seems to this ignorant official that it would be easier to have half the number of customers and charge twice as much."

"So it would appear," Ku admitted; "but this art which I have mentioned is every bit as effective as the magic of a Taoist priest. Many have become wealthy by the practise of it. And I feel that the exercise of a little of this ritual may be to our advantage. Honoured friend, stay you here, looking as mournful as your thoughts can make you. I am going to stroll into the village. One of the precepts of this foreign art is: 'Give little that you may receive much.' I go to dispense the little."

And with these words Ku walked away. Wang stared after him, completely mystified. Then he shook his rather round head and looked sorrowfully down.

"When a man is about to die," he murmured, "his words are good. But my end is near and I am as barren of words as the soil of the Gobi Desert is of cherry trees. Misery! How am I to present myself to my ancestors?"

"MOST hospitable one," said Ku to the landlord that evening, "it would appear that your business is most flourishing. The wine cups this evening were as numerous as the stars, and there cannot be much left in your pewter flasks."

"True," Chou Shih admitted grudgingly. "But, honoured traveller, this is a poor village and such festivity is as rare as an honest tax-collector."

Ku stroked his straggly beard and raised a doubting eyebrow. Then he smiled. "Perhaps prosperity has come to lodge under your roof," he murmured.

Chou Shih fluttered his hands uneasily. The brisk custom of the evening puzzled him almost as much as the presence of the three travellers.

"Prosperity is fickle," he said.

"Unless there is some charm to attract it," Ku agreed.

Chou Shih hesitated. He was a little awed by the grand manners and the handsome appearance of this particular traveller; but curiosity was like a gnawing hunger.

"Then, truly, your friend could do with such a charm," he said boldly. "We say that the good-humoured man grows rich—so surely the sad one becomes poor."

"Ah!" said Ku slowly, "that, dispenser of the wine cups, is a very different matter. My friend has such a charm. But have you observed his figure? He has grown somewhat plump on idleness and his hands are afraid of work."

"Then surely a charm such as you mention——"

"It is," said Ku impressively, "an unusual story, worthy of one of the Sacred Five Books. It concerns that young woman of undistinguished features who accompanies us. She was born in a house which was erected on a site determined by a priest who consulted Wind and Water for the most propitious aspects. Her birth was not only foretold by the cracks on a tortoise-shell; but there were clear indications that she would be associated with riches—but not without toil."

"Happy parents!" sighed Chou Shih.

"They are now on the terrace of night," said Ku.

A gleam came into Chou Shih's avaricious eyes. "So, as they have become ancients, the young woman is the happy possessor of a fortune," he murmured.

Ku shook his head. "The predicted wealth would not come without toil," he said. "Her parents were farmers and each harvest was prosperous. Even when the land was dry, their portion was damped with heavy dew. And the strong winds blew not over it, when the crops of others were flattened."

"You talk of marvels," said Chou Shih. "Had I such a daughter——" He rubbed his hands together.

"This acquisition of wealth made her father lazy. His arms became of gold so that the harvests were not gathered in. And as he abandoned the toil, so did the wealth trickle away like an overturned basin of water. So my friend, who is her uncle, has the family duty of receiving the girl into his home."

"Does that mean that the favours will pass to him?" asked Chou Shih, his voice blending eager interest with envy.

"Without doubt," Ku averred. "But you see how this does nothing to create happiness within him. While we are told that it is wrong to publish the faults of others, my friend would be the first to declare that he is averse to work. He is frightened by the prospect of having this young woman in his house. He has already money sufficient for his needs; but long idleness has made him fear work even more than poverty."

Chou Shih said nothing; but his sigh was expressive.

Ku gave a thin smile. "Truly," he said, "fortune favours the undeserving. Yet you can have a certain sympathy for him, seeing that you have already witnessed how the very fact of this young woman being under your roof has brought you an astounding increase of custom."

Chou Shih was so impressed by this solution to the mystery which had been bothering him all evening that he became incapable of speech. At least two minutes elapsed before he was able to whisper: "Is that the truth?"

"That is the only reason for the increase of business you have experienced to-night," said Ku, conveniently forgetting the alms he had distributed on condition the gift should be a secret and should be used for the purchase of wine.

Chou Shih moistened his lips with his tongue. "As your friend does not wish to incur the burden of this young woman," he said, thoughtfully, "it might be possible for him to leave her here. True, she does not delight the eye; but it seems there are certain compensations . . . I will not be ungenerous in my proposals. I will feed and clothe her, free of charge." He leaned back with the air of a man who has been truly benevolent.

Ku said nothing. His answer took the form of a pitying smile.

"I am a poor man," protested Chou Shih.

"But you could be a wealthy one," Ku told him.

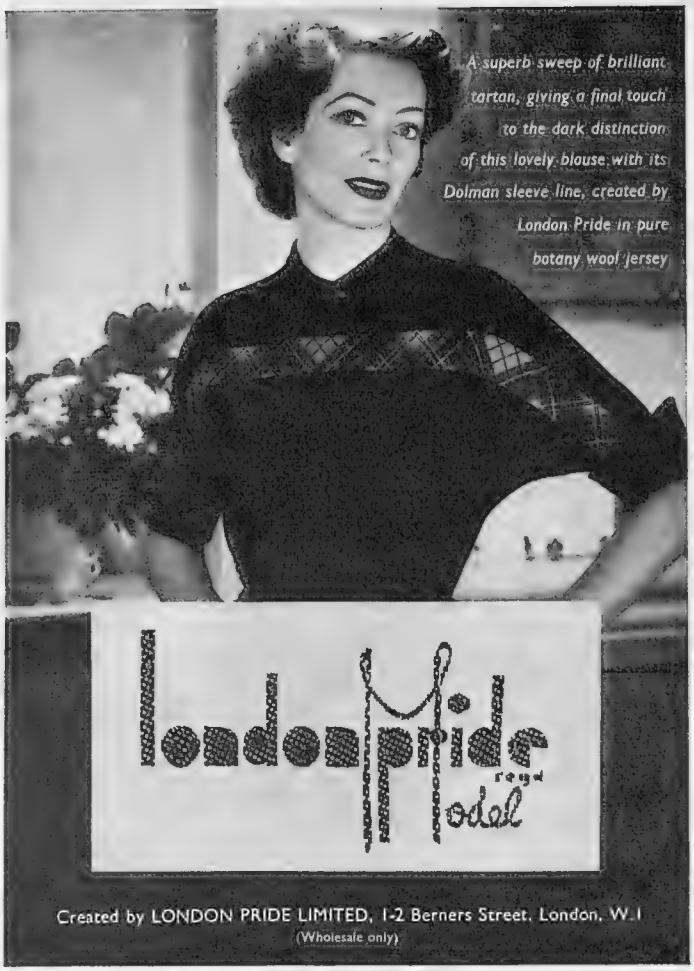
"Mortality is a frail thing, no more than a silken thread; should the girl depart to serve her ancestors, my money would be as lost as though I had cast it into the Yellow River."

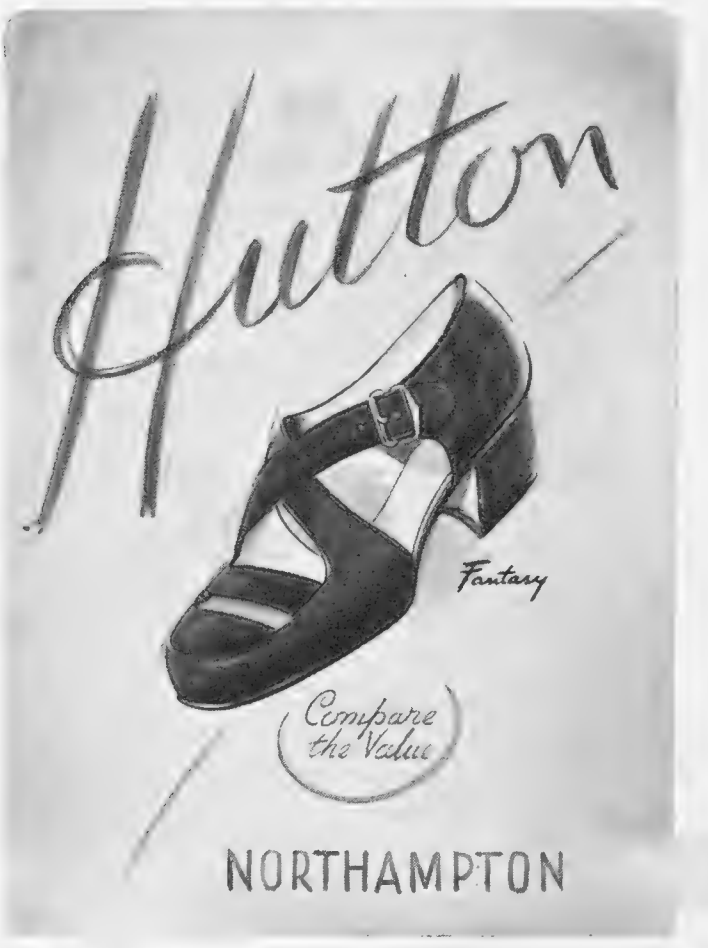
"My friend has no need of money," said Ku, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Furrows of bewilderment appeared across Chou Shih's low forehead. He was so baffled that he betrayed himself by asking a direct: "What then?"

"Although my friend is a rich man, he is also poor," said Ku sorrowfully. "He has not been blessed with children. And his wife looks forward eagerly to possessing a niece, who shall become as a daughter. So he dare not return without a young woman; but he would prefer one who is so attractive that suitors will be as plentiful as swallows in the season."

Chou Shih nodded his head slowly. "In this village," he said, "there is such a girl. I think a satisfactory (*Continued on page 62*)


A superb sweep of brilliant tartan, giving a final touch to the dark distinction of this lovely blouse with its Dolman sleeve line, created by London Pride in pure botany wool jersey
londonpride
model
Created by LONDON PRIDE LIMITED, 1-2 Berners Street, London, W.1
(Wholesale only)



IN ROYAL BLUE, ADMIRAL BLUE, GIPSY TAN, NIGGER BROWN, MUSTARD and RED.

arrangement might be achieved. Such a matter calls for truthful speaking. The young woman is beautiful, beyond all doubt. In fact, there is a saying in this district: 'As lovely as Yang Wuniang.' But in her pride she is as high as the Heavenly Mountains and scornfully rejects every suitor."

"Then she is likely to refuse to accompany my friend to his home," Ku observed.

Chou Shih smiled knowingly. "Not if she feels she travels the road to luxury," he said. "Moreover, her father is a ropemaker and a poor man; also he is indebted to me. The language of debt overcomes many objections."

Ku reached for his small tea-cup as a sign that he considered the discussion had reached an end. "If the girl has real beauty . . ." he murmured.

CHOU SHIH was not untruthful in his description of Wuniang, and after the exchange was effected the travellers hastened on their way.

"How everything has come to a just end," observed Wang Fu. "The poor rope-maker is delivered from debt. The uncomely Kweifei is left with the landlord, who will thus have opportunity for philosophic observations on the pitfalls of avarice. And my ever-grateful self is freed from the unpleasant prospect of a premature meeting with ancestors. Truly, Ku Wei, you have established beyond doubt your wisdom and your friendship."

"Tell me," said Ku. "Have you broached this matter to Wuniang? It will be necessary for you to confirm each other's stories, and as she is of a proud and haughty nature——"

Wang smiled. "It was not without apprehensions that I informed her of the true purpose of my mission," he confessed. "She listened in respectful silence, and when I had finished she remarked calmly: 'Better a concubine in the governor's *yamen*, than a toiling wife in a labourer's hovel.'"

"Then she has intelligence as well as beauty," said Ku. He glanced at the girl, riding a little ahead. "I could find it in my heart to wish that I could exchange places with the illustrious governor for a night," he said, more to himself than to his companion.

"Your heart is a gong on which romantic ideas beat," said Wang. "As an official, I have no such desires. I am well content if I can attain the record for longevity in my office. Apart from that, ambition is dumb within me."

Ku looked at him shrewdly.

"Perhaps you will think otherwise in three days' time, when we have come to the *yamen*." he said softly.

And events proved him to be right. At the appointed time, Ku stood in the antechamber of the *yamen* and watched his friend bow himself from an audience with the exalted one.

"Oh, my friend!" whispered Wang. "Never shall I find myself out of your debt. I have been appointed to the honourable position of chief magistrate with the task of judging all important cases. My salary has been doubled. Emotion so overcomes me that I am unable to render the graceful thanks which the occasion demands. But His Excellency wishes to see you. May you also be rewarded in generous measure."

Ku Wei, with pleasurable feelings of anticipation, went into the other room, making due obeisance. The governor, Chang Chunglang, waved a hand towards a servant, who set before Ku a glass containing yellow wine.

"You will drink to my health and happiness," Chang ordered.

"Nothing, illustrious one, would be nearer to the desire of my heart," Ku declared. "May Your Excellency's ancestors look down with pride and delight." He drained the glass.

"Ku Wei, you have a great reputation as a traveller. You have gone far and seen many lands and many people. I have a question for your experience. And lest you should be tempted to flattery I have had a drug put in your wine which will compel truth to pass your lips. Here is the question. Can you swear that you have not, anywhere, seen woman fairer than this Wuniang?"

There was a drowsiness attacking Ku's brain. He had the strange feeling that he was standing apart from his body, and there was an urgent prompting bidding him to warn himself of danger. But before he could do anything about this he heard, with horror, his own voice saying: "Most illustrious, I swear it by the mole on her left leg."

END

Trampers Of The Skies

(*Continued from page 21*)

in the air; few would dispute that in flying it is personal initiative that counts, but despite the official handicap, sky tramping by British trampers has been putting up a brave show, as these figures prove.

In 1946 members of the British Air Charter Association carried 285 tons of freight; in 1947, 1,686 tons; in 1948, 27,000 tons. When the current annual figures are available, the rise is likely to be equally phenomenal.

What do they carry, these sky trampers? Well, I think the best answer is there is nothing much that they do *not* carry. Let us have a look.

Some thousands of Kaffirs are shivering with cold on the South African veldt. What to do about it? Dublin flies 50,000 blankets out to them. Do you fancy an *anguille à al matelotte?* Certainly madame; here come 3½ tons of live eels invoiced from Paris to London. Food for the fastidious or the plebs; it's all the same to the sky trampers; here come live sea turtles and live wild boar. You may think that French chocolate is superior to British chocolate; then why is this cargo of chocolate flying from London to Cannes?

Policemen's uniforms are in the skies *en route* Britain to Bermuda, while close behind them are British nylons on their way to Lisbon.

British trampers fly bullion from Switzerland to Bulgaria, from Stockholm to Teheran, but I must confess that this aerial cargo of empty sacks from Antwerp to Istanbul intrigues me very much.

War Office on the phone; what do they want? Can we fly a ladies' band numbering eighteen from London to Cairo? Certainly. A Dakota is chartered for three months and eighteen ladies with their musical instruments entertain the troops in Egypt.

Anything, from penicillin to peaches nowadays take the sky route. Here are some queer cargoes picked haphazard.

Two tons of live lobsters packed in ice; (Dublin to Amsterdam).

Toffee (London to Los Angeles).

Three tons of soap (London to Geneva).

Everything, anything from fresh picked rosebuds to ships' propellors; only the sky is the limit as you might say.

Ships' propeller shafts and other massive marine gear are often flown to broken-down ships. Yes, it is expensive, but it is more expensive to keep a ship's crew idle, with pay mounting up, and port dues piling up. Sometimes it is cheaper to charter a plane and fly the crew home to board another ship.

Propellor shafts usually weighing around 6½ tons are slung beneath four-engined Halifaxes. In contrast to these bulky aerial cargoes you get a recent cargo of 15,000 eggs being flown into Britain, with only one egg broken!

Here comes a Halton, bringing 6½ tons of bilberries from France; during the war this Halton carried a more deadly cargo; it was then known as a Halifax bomber.

Dogs, especially racing greyhounds, and cattle, especially thoroughbreds stand up better to air travel than to sea travel. One day's aerial freight included 300 pedigree pigs for breeding purposes, from Britain to Hungary, and seven racehorses from Dublin to Durban, Natal. Specially converted Dakotas and Bristols are used to fly cattle.

Unusual aerial cargoes but becoming more usual are bats (why, I do not know) penguins and live turkeys, also racing pigeons. Automobiles and furniture are now commonplace aerial cargoes; other heavy goods such as cash registers (seventy from Nottingham to Dublin); adding machines; twenty-eight radio receivers weighing eleven tons (London to Bombay).

A development of air traffic is the chartering of air ambulances to pick up sick or injured people and fly them to their homes. Frequently nowadays planes are chartered to fly coffins containing bodies.

Shoes, fruit, vegetables, glass, hosiery, vaccines and medical supplies of all kinds are flown in and out of Britain in sky trampers. Tons of camembert cheese come from France; mimosa comes from the Riviera in perfect condition; apricots from Spain; peaches, cherries and strawberries from Italy, but so far as Britain is concerned, it is undoubtedly textiles for export which are helping most to build up the cargoes of the trampers of the skies. In this case, it is not bulk but speed which matters to the sky tramper.

A buyer in Capetown or Melbourne wants to beat his competitors on being the first in the field with new styles; it means a tramper race in the skies. There was an instance a year ago of a buyer in Hongkong who urgently needed certain goods for his Christmas trade. Actually, he only placed his order three weeks before Christmas—but he received his precious cargo.

Autre temps, autre moeurs. In France there are but two private companies, operating between them about 120 sky trampers. Our French rivals have had a tough time building up their sky tramping fleet. They began in 1946 with a few damaged Junker planes the fleeing Germans left behind them. This was the nucleus of what is to-day a hard-working business. Even before the French sky trampers could get into their stride, the French Socialist Government clamped down on them, nationalised Air France and put the sky trampers in irons, but the handful of trampers fought back and went on fighting. Socialism in France to-day is merely part of the Socialist-Liberal Coalition; private enterprise is on an upward swing again. A *projet de loi* has been drafted concerning what is called the Air Mercantile Fleet, it will come before Parliament during the next session. When the law goes on the Statute Book, representatives of the Air Mercantile Fleet will have two seats on the Board of Nationalised Aviation.

I THINK that perhaps the British sky tramping traffic is better organized and handled than the French. In France, owing no doubt to the much greater extent of territory, there seems to be less direct contact between shippers and sky trampers; many agents intervene.

We in Britain tend to compare sky trampers to their sea going sisters. In France the comparison is more with the country carriers, the jog-trotting carts that used to perform errands (still do in many places) between village and village.

END

A Symphony Of Wild Life

(*Continued from page 24*)

said, "and it was opened two years ago. During the war they slaughtered millions of game to feed the Italian prisoners. One hunter produced five tons a week. When I came here the stuff was scarce and wild; you'll see now what can be done in two years."

I did, and can still hardly credit it.

The first animals we came on were half a dozen large hyenas, and a cub—a small replica of his mamma. The car stopped and they stood looking at us, thirty yards away, quite unperturbed. They got bored before we did, and walked off about their business—which is that of undertakers—heads high and inquiring, hinder parts cringing, as though these beasts were composed of two divergent parts, savage effrontery, and slinking timidity. "I had to (*Continued on page 64*)

Bright and Cheerful
—Tummy
Peaceful

Of course you know the connection between a peaceful tummy and twinkling eyes . . . between restful sleep and rosy cheeks.

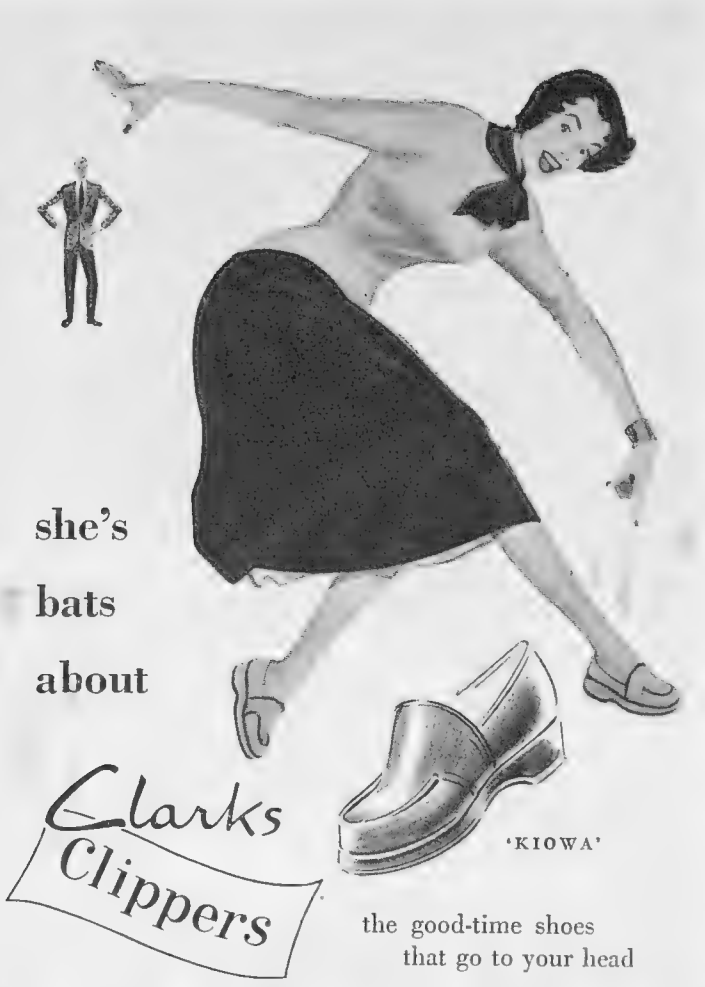
What a lot of peaceful nights, cheerful days and satisfactory weighings are due to 'Milk of Magnesia.'* Its gentle antacid and laxative action makes it the ideal calmer of 'windigestion' and suchlike tummy upsets.

'Milk of Magnesia'

REGD. TRADE MARK ★

Large size 3/2—*equals* 3 *small size* 1/7

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.



Flowers by Wire

Has it ever occurred to you that you can send a gift of flowers to any part of the world?

Wherever you see the "Winged Mercury" sign you will find a good florist who can have fresh flowers delivered to your friends the same day, whether they be near or thousands of miles away.

Ask him for details of this unique and inexpensive service of "Flowers by Wire."

ISSUED BY INTERFLORA (Dept. B.E.), 358/362a KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.14

shoot two hundred of them when I arrived," said Beaton. "That was the only killing necessary—but few antelope calves would have survived with all those brutes here. They attended on the meat hunters, of course."

The light was strong now. Far and near game was visible. This is the best place in the world to see wild animals, there is nothing to obstruct the view, since one looks easily between the scattered thorn-bushes. Miles of veldt lay like a giant stage, and the actors were all there, principals and chorus. Several herds of wildebeest (the white-bearded gnu) grazed beside the road, not bothering to raise their heads as the car passed. There were many calves among them, chunky little creatures without horns, having the same petulant, disgruntled air as baby elephants. Beaton loves wildebeest calves, he was as proud of these as a shepherd of his lambs. He has constructed dams in the hollows; there was plenty of water for all this game, and they seemed to find the place homely.

Coke's hartebeest, the mournful-looking kongoni, were much in evidence, and some of them in the road broke into their racehorse stride, exhibiting grace and power unsuspected in such apparently clumsy beasts. I have seen a kongoni outstrip a car when the speedometer showed thirty-five.

Grant's gazelles were everywhere, and the merry little Thompson's gazelles, some of which out of sheer light-heartedness broke into that astonishing gait when they bounce like rubber balls, touching the ground with legs stiff and bounding away in ten-foot hops. I once saw greyhounds chase these buck, and after a time of it lie down and give up, while the Tommy pranced round them derisively.

Near a dam we came on a big herd of impala. There were a score of does, and a score of young bucks, and there was one splendid stag who was so anxious to keep between the young bloods and his harem that he almost ran into the car. The impala is the jumping expert, able to sail effortlessly over the top of a safari tent, but these were on the plain, with no hurdles to show off their prowess.

A little farther on we turned off the road on to the veldt.

A big cheetah rose out of concealment and trotted round, pausing to look at us. She was a beauty, long and lithe and powerful. I realized how big the cheetah is—a huge leopard on long, symmetrical legs. This lady regarded us from a distance of ten paces, suspicious, but not intimidated. We turned, and on the other side of the car was her mate, lying in the grass, his round bullet head and the curious markings between his eyes giving him a sullen, disgusted expression. When we looked at him he condescended to stand up. I calculated he was six yards from us. One might have been seeing him in a zoo—but here was no captivity, these beasts were unconstrained as any in nature, they killed and fought and mated at will, and as fortune permitted.

The female, who was the larger, obliged us by trotting round to join her mate, displaying the wonderful action of these animals, which is the very poem of movement. The cheetah, be it noted, runs down its prey by speed, creeping up to the fleet buck as close as possible and then chasing and overhauling it at a pace which makes all the world's best runners look like cripples. I mentioned seeing Tommy outdistance greyhounds; the Tommy is the cheetah's favourite prey. Yet an athlete can run a cheetah down by following it for an hour or two; the exhausted beast flops into the grass and will not budge. Since he never attacks man, he can then be captured with ease and safety.

We drove away from that comfortable pair.

"Visitors *will* follow these animals up," the Warden complained. "They want to get closer and closer. If you just have a look and clear off, they get so used to cars they don't bother a bit." "If you get out, what then?" I asked.

"Then they run away. A car is harmless, but the devil on foot is to be avoided. But I'll tame them; they will learn to accept man as their friend. Already we have accomplished great things with some species. Lions are remarkable; they rub themselves against the car!"

He told me that a few days previously he had been watching fifteen lions, and, while some sniffed at the radiator, a lioness sprang into the back of the truck.

"I had been carrying meat to my rangers and she must have smelt the blood. The engine was stopped; I looked through the back window and there she was, staring at me. So I shifted my weight and rocked the car on its springs, and that scared her; she jumped out."

Enormous, lordly giraffe fed on the stunted mimosas, having to bend their heads right down from their lofty height. I commented that no zoo has a giraffe as big as these wild ones, which are veritable giants. Hay does not nourish them like the mimosa and acacia of their native plains.

It is many years since giraffes were hunted in Kenya. Now they are tame as cattle, and often obstruct the passage of cars along the main roads. This herd was supercilious and indifferent, with a dignified cock ostrich circulating among them, doubtless considering himself as good as any.

Another dam; more wildebeest, Grant, and Tommy—tossing their heads and wagging little tails which are very ineffective fly-whisks. Surprising sight; a pair of mountain reedbuck on the plains, fraternizing with the gazelles!

To right and left were zebras in large herds, a trifle worried by our nearness, for they had come up from the great plains round Kajiado—perhaps the Tanganyika border—where black men and white were their enemies.

"The ones that have lived here a few months have lost all fear," said Beaton, "You can tell the newcomers by their nervousness."

At Lion Dip, a deep stony donga, we paused, expecting to see the great carnivores sunning themselves before they sought repose. This morning we were disappointed, no lion showed itself.

Beaton told me he had sat there watching a lioness with two cubs trying to get a drink from a rock-cistern. The water was low, she had to crane down to meet it, and almost tumbled in. Then she lay down and stretched her paw to the water, bringing it up dripping for the cubs to lick. Presently she began to splash water on the rocks, which the cubs lapped up—an example of lion intelligence which shows them to be among the most sagacious of beasts.

We reached the Athi River. It is bordered by a forest of yellow thorns, big branching trees, whose leaves are delicate as those of the birch, and whose bark varies between the hue of an olive and Colman's mustard. Between the trees are bushes, some covered with blue bell-shaped flowers, and between the bushes run innumerable little trails made by the game.

We parked the car and walked along the bank. At this season the river was a succession of still, deep pools, shaded by leaning trees and shielded by clumps of bush. This was a paradise of bird life; the place resounded with the strange cries of Africa—the tolling of bells, shrieks of locomotives, the twittering and jeering of a multitude of vocalists, all, I suppose, believing they added harmony to the scene. Many might be raucous, and some even insulting, but the vast echoing reaches seemed to modify this clamour till it formed a pleasing adjunct of the harsh grandeur which is the impressive fact of Africa.

We were looking for hippo. Evidently they were not on view that morning; their favourite pools were deserted. But one lay in a hole under a big bush, gurgling and splashing, and we tried to induce him to show himself. Beaton made a peculiar clucking noise with his tongue, which, he said, would bring a hippo to inspect the author of it. I forgot to ask him how he found this out. Anyway, that hippo was not interested, he continued to wallow in obscurity.

Beaton climbed down the bank, parted the branches, and looked in, clucking like a demented hen. "Here he is," he called. "I can see him."

I joined the experimenter, peering over his shoulder. He broke off a stick and poked at the hippo with it, and the huge beast moved out into the stream, showing head and nostrils, and then an immense black back among a string of bubbles, as he lazily swam off to another haunt.

Farther along we entered a glade among the yellow thorns which immediately aroused memories of Walt Disney's best efforts. Across the river was a high kopje; it was crowned with a hundred impala, all motionless, staring at the intruders. In front lay a wide still pool, in whose brown waters a big tree was reflected in every detail. It was full of little monkeys, and they were reflected as well. On the bank, disturbed at his drink, stood a fine waterbuck bull, disquieted, but hardly afraid. Around us was a flock of guineafowl, curious as chickens at feeding-time, and a family of yellow-legged francolins were equally interested. Farther back among the trees stood a herd of Grant's gazelles, and two waterbuck does, probably the property of the lord who drank, Still farther, on a sloping hillside, a troop of baboons moved like the figures in a frieze, and from the ridge a solitary bull wildebeest surveyed the valley.

Nothing ran, nothing showed fear, though we talked quite naturally and moved at will.

"It's like fairyland, isn't it?" said the Warden, grinning widely.

I reflected that at last I was accorded the privileges of an ape; these creatures minded me no more than a baboon.

"Two years ago," said Beaton, "this was a place of slaughter. There was a military camp near here; they murdered the game and threw gelignite in the river to get the fish. Every Sunday it was like a battle going on here."

"Then every adult beast has been hunted," I said. "When you rear a generation that has never been harmed, what then?"

"Ah, then," replied the Warden reverently, "it will be paradise indeed."

We visited the ranger-posts to supply them with rations and replenish their clothing, where there was need. The rangers are all Kipsigis, a tribe of warlike herdsmen from a distant part of the Colony. They were serious, responsible men, interested in their duties. They live in little groups of huts at various points in the Park, and each has a bicycle to carry him on a daily patrol of his district. The Warden receives their reports at night, and has then information of all that goes on, the whereabouts of game, behaviour of the public, conditions of grazing, and the rest.

The Warden's task is onerous. He is road-maker, dam-maker, controller of the staff, guardian of the game, and showman to important visitors. His accomplishment in two years is incredible, and the results enheartening.

Native poachers are troublesome. The rangers manage to catch a good many, but traps are set along the borders of the Park and much damage is done. It would appear the law is too lenient with these criminals, whose purpose is to sell meat to the natives in the town.

In this park there is no high forest to harbour elephants and buffaloes, but in the other sanctuaries, farther from the centre of things, these animals abound, and when proper roads have been driven through the wilderness the public will be able to view them in comfort and security.

About five thousand people visit the Park each week, mostly at week-ends. The residents of Nairobi often drive out to see the lions, which seldom disappoint them. Those lions were not so considerate to me; not one showed itself. But as we drove back across the veldt we saw a flock of vultures wheeling over the riparian bush, and perched in the trees. Certainly there was a kill, and the killers still feeding, since the birds did not go down. We were in a hurry to reach town and could not spare time to penetrate that bushy retreat. Beaton promised me lions any evening I cared to come along, he knows them by name and keeps track of their family affairs and their movements.

(*Continued on page* 66)

Take a good look at this label—it's the sign of a high and guaranteed standard of manufacture. Look out for it when you buy

Men's, Women's and Children's Wear and Accessories; Household Linens etc.

4

PUT YOUR FAITH IN -

LATEX FOAM

Section of Mattress

MATTRESSES and cushions for upholstery

Factory:
Latafoam Ltd.
Honeywell Mill
Oldham, Lancs.

London Office:
Latafoam Sales Ltd.
125, High Holborn, W.C.1
Hol 7989

Before leaving the Park we visited a spot where a ranger had established himself under a tree and was dispensing potatoes to deserving baboons. This donative was especially in my interests. He was calling and whistling to a troop of baboons across a donga, and when they heard his signals they came running.

We sat in the car and watched them steal up, to grab the provender within a few yards of the native. A huge old dog made his appearance and chased the others off; he gathered up all the potatoes he could hold and stood there squinting at us while he ate, reminding me, except for his hideous appearance, of a schoolboy with a bag of apples.

A haughty secretary bird and a greater bustard were interested spectators of the performance, regarding us as no more than part of the furniture of their habitat.

And so back to Nairobi, where by eleven o'clock we were drinking beer in a hotel amid the noise and bustle of a big town. It was difficult to realize that ten minutes away was wild Africa, unspoilt by man—as it was in the beginning, and, let us hope, will always be.

This is not the only sanctuary of the Kenya National Parks, there are others being prepared, among forests and mountains, where every type of scenery and wild life may be studied and enjoyed, and where ancient, deserted cities await the antiquarian. A man named Mervyn Cowie is at the head of this enterprise, working with quiet enthusiam to create and cultivate and preserve. He has a vision of splendour—there is so much to bring forth to the many which now is withheld for the few. It is a fine future.

End

A Symphony Of Wild Life

Wonders Of The Underworld

(*Continued from page* 31)

total many hundreds, but there is not the slightest doubt that the unknown ones must far outnumber the known ones. New caves are continually being discovered. As recently as 1941, Messrs. Goddard and Pearce stumbled across a cave in the Mendip Hills, in Somerset, hundreds of yards long. Like so many of the other underground chambers in these hills it was adorned with beautiful stalagmite and stalactite creations in the form of columns, domes, pinnacles, draperies and other objects, so delicately conceived as to almost baffle description.

More recently still was the first exploration of the legendary Piper's Pot near Campbeltown, Scotland. Long ago legend says a piper climbed down the shaft into the cave, never to be seen again. Equipped with ropes and torches a little party of seven descended into this subterranean world to explore its tortuous passages. It was a hazardous undertaking and one that nearly ended in disaster. The leader of the party, Henry Excell, fell twenty-five feet, and only the rope saved him from serious injury.

THE limestone hills of Somerset, Derbyshire and Yorkshire are the happy hunting-ground of the cave explorer. The best known caves are those at Cheddar in Somerset. With their gorgeous colouring and strange and wonderful stalagmite and stalactite formations they do indeed present a unique spectacle. It is not generally known that the impressive Cheddar Gorge is really an old limestone cave, the roof of which has fallen in. Underground water dissolved the limestone and eventually there was a subterranean river. This ate away more and more of the rock and then the roof fell in, leaving the precipitous sides, and forming the gorge as we know it to-day. At one time it was thought that the Cheddar Gorge was the result of a great natural upheaval, such as an earthquake, but this theory is now known to be wrong. Although this happened in the distant past it can occur to-day, as was proved as recently as 1939 at Potwin, in Central Kansas, when what had been a flourishing wheatfield suddenly disappeared and in its place was left a huge chasm.

WHAT is regarded as the largest of these subterranean caverns is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky in the United States. It boasts rivers, a waterfall, cataracts, and grotesque and beautiful sculptures. There are over 200 miles of passages and one can walk continuously in the cave for more than a week without passing the same way twice. Much more of the caves, however, remains to be explored and no one knows the real extent of these vast underground chambers.

The Carlsbad Caverns, some twenty-six miles from the town of Carlsbad, in New Mexico, are attracting attention as a result of recent discoveries and the fact that they have been taken over by the United States Government as a National Monument. An American writer, Mr. R. L. Ripley, in a broadcast from the caverns, said: "I have travelled in two hundred countries and seen the wonders they have to offer, but never have I looked on such breathtaking scenes—such dazzling, such ever-changing beauty, as in these caverns! It is overwhelming—the eye is bewildered—and you are filled with a glorious sense of awe and reverence for the mighty handiwork of God."

These caves are without question the most spectacular of underground wonders in America. Although more than thirty-seven miles have been explored at three different levels, the extent of the caverns is not yet known. The wonder of the caverns is the "Big Room," undoubtedly the largest single chamber in any cave. It is half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, with a ceiling from 100 to 300 feet high. It contains the largest stalagmites known. There are two known as the "Twin Domes," monster creamy-white pillars, set in an enormous dark-green mound, over 100 feet high and more than 200 feet across at the base. Not far away is a much larger stalagmite, the "Big Dome," 125 feet high. Their creation must represent millions of years. They are formed by the falling drops of water leaving behind a minute quantity of carbonate of lime. In the caves where the growth of these columns have been measured it is not more than an inch in twenty-five years! There is a restaurant in the "Big Room," where luncheons are served. This restaurant lies 750 feet below the surface and can be reached by lift.

End

Holy Year

(*Continued from page* 29)

while I was there included the opening of the new station with twenty-two platforms, specially designed for the rapid handling of pilgrims, a new bridge over the Tiber, a new aqueduct to provide increased supplies of water, and the enlistment of a special corps of 2,000 men to deal with traffic control, and to provide interpreters. The whole city, too, has been embellished and will be gay with a glory of flags, flowers and green paint.

THE ordinary visitor to Italy who includes Rome in his itinerary need not feel out of place in this great gathering if the significance of what he may see and hear is understood. He should learn a little about the history of the Holy Year and what it means. How, on that premier occasion, the Pope made an offer of universal pardon to many enemies who beset him at the time. His appeal was effective, for it is recorded that multitudes flocked to St. Peter's to secure the pardon. Extraordinary Holy Years have been occasionally held for some especial purpose, such as the ending of the Western Schism in 1423 and again in 1933—the nineteenth centenary of the Death and Resurrection of Our Lord. The 1950 Holy Year will be the twenty-fifth of the series.

Following the promulgation of Holy Year by Papal Bull which took place on May 25, 1949, and the commencement of the Year on Christmas Eve by the ceremonious opening of the four Holy Doors at the great basilicas of St. Peter, St. Mary Major, St. John Lateran, and St. Paul Outside-the-Walls, there then follows for twelve months, until the Year is ended on Christmas Eve, 1950, by the closing of the Holy Doors, a tremendous range of special religious ceremonies, concerts of sacred music, exhibitions of sacred art, congresses, and so on.

At a number of ceremonies, including the consecration of the new church dedicated to St. Eugene, his patron saint, the Pope participates in person. He will attend the important canonization services of new saints in St. Peter's on April 23, May 7, 18 and 28. Then there will be many Special and General Audiences at which the Holy Father will give his blessing to almost all the pilgrims who come to Rome. When one considers that on the occasion of the canonization of the Blessed Claret about 300,000 pilgrims from Spain will attend, some idea of the great physical demands made on the Pope will be realized.

At Rome, in order to gain the special Indulgence to be granted, each pilgrim is called on to visit the four great basilicas, repeating in each certain prayers. Attendance at Confession and Communion is also required. At The Lateran many will wish to ascend on their knees the "Holy Stairs," so-called because they are said to have come from the house of Pilate, ascended and descended by our Saviour, and brought to Rome more than 1,500 years ago by Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. These steps are held in great veneration.

Many pilgrims on leaving Rome will visit one or more of the Sanctuaries at Assisi, Loreto, Padua and Pompeii, where further Indulgences may be obtained.

The most important ceremonies in Rome will be those connected with the canonization of new saints, and it is also expected the Pope will make a pronouncement regarding the discovery of the actual burial place of St. Peter, as a result of recent excavations.

On the occasion of a canonization ceremony, the interior of St. Peter's is brilliantly lit and elaborately decorated. On the Papal Altar are displayed precious treasures. The vast church will be packed with 30,000 worshippers, including certain Royalties and representatives of the Diplomatic Corps, the Knights of Malta, the Roman aristocracy, the Civic Authorities, and special envoys—all attired in full-dress uniforms. Then, also, the Papal armed forces will be in attendance arrayed in resplendent garb and accoutrements—the Swiss Guard still wear uniforms designed for them by Michelangelo.

All those participating in the procession wear liturgical vestments and, if they are ecclesiastics, carry lighted tapers. Many of the costumes are rich and beautiful, often dating from the fifteenth century.

The Pope is borne on the *Sedia Gestatoria* by the *Sediari* (chair-bearers), who wear their characteristic costumes. Over the Pope's head is a rich canopy, while on either side are borne the *flabelli*—huge ostrich fans fastened on slim, gilded poles. Flanking the Pope are the Noble Body Guard, four Swiss Guards, carrying their heavy two-edged swords, and the Mace Bearers. The imposing *cortège* is led by a squadron of the Palatine Guards, while others in it include the Lord High Steward, the Commandants of the Papal Armed Corps, the Prince-Assistant at the Throne, and high dignitaries of the Lay Court.

The most poignant moment in the long five-hour ceremony is when the Pope from his Chair proclaims the new saint. During the ensuing High Mass, there is the Offertory

St Martin

'CHUNKY'

Regd. Trade Mark

MARMALADE

with all its delicious flavour

and pre-war quality

IS NOW OBTAINABLE
FROM ALL HIGH-CLASS GROCERS & STORES

St. Martin Preserving Co. Ltd.

Maidenhead, Newcastle, Ely, Horsted Keynes

Have you tried *Lixen*?

Lixen is the ideal laxative for grown-ups and children alike. In these busy days when good health is so essential, you will find that Lixen—the gentle laxative—will help to keep you fit. In liquid or fruit flavoured lozenge form.

Lixen

THE
GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE
From Chemists only
In bottles—2/5½, 4/4
LOZENGES IN BOTTLES 2/2

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

L64D

Holy Year

when special gifts are presented to the Holy Father. These consist of large wax tapers decorated with paintings, loaves of bread, two small casks of wine, turtle doves, pigeons, and small songsters in gilded cages. This presentation is of extremely ancient origin, and each gift has a symbolical meaning relating to the various virtues practised by the new saint.

At the Elevation, as in all Pontifical Masses, silver trumpets are blown in the direction of the cupola, giving out exceptionally sweet and thrilling notes, such as are not obtained elsewhere and due to the peculiar acoustics. This sounding of the trumpets is one of the most impressive parts of the ceremony.

When the Mass is over, the procession reforms, and the ceremony concludes. St. Peter's, however, remains illuminated during the afternoon so that those who have been unable to attend the actual ceremony may see it in all its unusual splendour.

It may be asked what is the real aim and purpose behind this tremendous religious effort. Is it merely meant to provide an emotional experience to Roman Catholics, or has it a deeper meaning? The answer, I think, lies in the massed answer to the Pope's Intentions of the Holy Year:

> "The sanctification of souls through prayer and penance, and unswerving loyalty to Christ and the Church. Activity on behalf of peace, and the protection of the Holy Places. Defence of the Church against the renewed attacks of her enemies, and prayer for the gift of the true Faith for those in error, the unbelievers, and the godless. Realization of social justice and works of charity for the lowly and the needy."

END

To The Aid Of The Party

(*Continued from page* 48)

if something does not "catch on" well, you can quickly suggest the new line without the children becoming restless. Before the party starts, moreover, it is a good plan to take a look round and move out of harm's way any treasure that could get knocked over or easily damaged. I confess, too, that our children have sometimes said tactfully to young friends in inviting them: "Don't come in *too* best a frock!"

If your home has plenty of space and you are brave enough to plan a treasure hunt, it makes a grand finale to a party. But it needs quite a lot of organizing. Each child will need to be provided with little clues, hidden in likely places, to help him in his search and lead him to the next one. Each child's set of clues must have some identifying mark. So unless your own young people are old enough to help you, you may prefer to wind up with Sir Roger de Coverley, either with the aid of a piano, or a good record. LEN CHALONER

A Machine That Earns Its Keep

(*Continued from page* 44)

At least one manufacturer in this country now markets a rotary ironer to fix on to the washing machine, and such improvements will be coming on to the market in greater numbers as time goes on and the demand for them increases. Airing and drying cabinets are also available in varying sizes for home use.

A last word—choose the model which meets your own individual requirements. Your local electricity showrooms will be able to explain fully the advantages and disadvantages of different types of machines. Most big stores have good supplies and arrange demonstrations, from time to time, so take advantage of the chance to see that you get what is best suited to your specific needs. MARGARET STEPHENSON

The secret of that **Luxury Look**

. . . is lovely, shining, *cared for* hair — cherished and flattered by the Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo! What a pleasure to feel that fragrant soap-free lather . . . cleansing, nourishing, stimulating! This glorious, golden-rich liquid-creme, perfected in the exclusive Richard Hudnut New York Salon, is as *gentle* as an egg shampoo. It rinses out quickly, leaving your hair free of loose dandruff and a joy to manage. Price 2/6. Large economy size 7/6.

Richard Hudnut

ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO

Chequered Cardigan (*Continued from page 40*)

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles and main colour wool, cast on 52 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins.

Next row.—Rib 6 (inc. in next st., rib 12) 3 times, inc. in next st. Rib to end (56 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles. Continue as follows :

Change to contrast wool with a k. row. Work in st.st. 2½ ins. (ending on a p. row). Join in main colour with a k. row. Work ½ in. (ending on a p. row). Continue in the stripes (2½ ins. contrast colours, ½ in. main colour) ; at the same time *when* 1 *in.* has been worked, inc. 1 st. at side end and every 8th row following (66 sts.). Continue until work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row, then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 54 sts.

Continue until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next front edge row. Then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 33 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 11 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows.

Work left front as right, with shaping at opposite edges.

SLEEVES (main colour wool)

With No. 12 needles cast on 56 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins.

Next row.—Rib 4 (inc. in next st., rib 4) 9 times. Inc. next st. Rib to end (64 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and st.st. Work ½ in., then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row following until 98 sts. and sleeve measures 18 ins. from cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 70 sts. remain. Then dec. every alternate row until 52 sts. remain. Then every 3rd row until 36 sts. remain.

FRONT EDGINGS

With No. 12 needles and main colour wool, cast on 8 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 2 rows. Make buttonhole. Rib 3, cast off 2, rib 3.

Next row.—Rib 3, cast on 2, rib 3. Make 2 more buttonholes 1 in. apart. (This should bring you to the top of welt). Continue in ribbing, making buttonhole to come in the centre of main colour stripe (slightly stretching ribbing—approx. 3 ins. apart). When neck is reached, place sts. on safety-pin. Work another edge, omitting buttonholes.

NECKBAND

With No. 12 needles and main colour wool. Keeping the 8 sts. of front edging on needle (the left edge, omitting buttonholes) cast on 114 sts., then place the right edge 8 sts. on to needle (130 sts. on needle). Rib ¾ in. on these sts. Make a buttonhole. Starting at the buttonhole end, rib 3, cast off 2, rib to end of row.

Next row.—Rib back, cast on 2 sts., rib 3. Rib 2 more rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder and side seams. Sew up sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the front edges and neckband. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

Socks And Gloves (*Continued from page 40*)

base of 1st finger. Cast on 3 sts. Divide sts. 7, 7, 8 ; then rep. from * to * of 1st finger, but work 3½ ins. instead of 3 ins.

3rd finger.—Take 7 sts. from wool each side on two needles. With a third needle pick up 3 sts. at base of 2nd finger. Cast on 3 sts. Divide sts. 7, 7, 6, and rep. as for 1st finger from * to *.

4th finger,—Slip remaining sts. from wool on two needles. With a third needle pick up 3 sts. from base of 3rd finger. Divide sts. 6, 6, 7. Then rep. * to * of 1st finger, but work 2¾ ins. instead of 3 ins.

THE THUMB

Slip the sts. from wool on two needles. With a third needle pick up 8 sts. at base of thumb. Divide sts. 8, 8, 8. Rep. as for 1st finger from * to *, but work 2½ ins. instead of 3 ins.

LEFT-HAND GLOVE

Work as for right hand, but make thumb towards the *end* of last needle. Working the last round as follows :

K. till 18 sts. remain. Slip 16 sts. on to a piece of wool for thumb. Cast on 8 sts. K. 2 (24, 24, 16) ; finish as for right-hand glove.

THE SOCKS

With No. 12 needles cast on 76 sts. on three needles (28, 24, 24). Work 4 ins., k. 1, p. 1 rib. Now work in patt. as for gloves for 8 ins.

DIVIDE STITCHES FOR HEEL (in stocking sts.)

Slip 7 sts. from last round on to the 4th needle. K. 26, turn. Slip remaining 33 sts. on to two needles and leave for front of foot. Work heel flap.

1st row.—Slip 1, p. 32.

Next row.—Slip 1, k. 32. Rep. these 2 rows 13 times.

Next row.—Slip 1, p. 32. Turn heel as follows : k. 20, slip 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. ; turn.

2nd row.—P. 8, p. 2 tog. Turn.

3rd row.—K. 8, slip 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. Turn.

Rep. the last 2 rows till 9 sts. remain. Now work foot.

1st needle.—K. 9. Pick up and k. 16 along side of heel.

2nd needle.—Patt. 32 sts.

3rd needle.—Pick up and k. 16 sts. at this side of heel. K. 5 sts. from 1st and 3rd needle.

Next round. 1st needle.—K. till 3 remain, k. 2 tog., k. 1. **2nd needle.**—K. **3rd needle.**—K. 1, slip 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., patt. to end. Next 2 rows without dec.

Rep. these 3 rounds twice.

Now work till foot measures 8 ins. (or length required).

SHAPE TOE (all stocking st.)

1st needle.—K. till 3 remain. K. 2 tog. k. 1. **2nd needle.**—K. 1, slip 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. k. till 3 remain, k. 2 tog., k. 1. **3rd needle**—K. 1, slip 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. to end.

2nd round.—K.

Rep. these last 2 rounds 10 times. K. sts from 1st to 3rd needle. Graft tog. the 2 sets of sts. or draw up neatly with an end of wool.

Press gloves and socks with a warm iron and damp cloth.

END

Pay-Off For Inventors (*Continued from page 12*)

initiative, foresight and resourcefulness," and recognize "dogged perseverance and persistence in the face of official discouragement" when exercised by Government employees. For this reason a number of civil servants and Service men have qualified for big awards.

The Government's treatment of its own inventors and potential inventors varies. Sometimes, as in the case of Sir Frank Whittle, it is a model of farsightedness—a farsightedness that, in this instance, was repaid by the jet-propelled Meteor that took the air late in the war. When Whittle first submitted his jet propulsion ideas as a cadet in 1929 the Air Ministry had to shelve them, but it recognized his abilities and sent him first on a technical course and then to Cambridge, where he did brilliantly. Later he continued his researches in the R.A.F. ; and in 1944, when the Government bought out the Company (exploiting the jet propulsion idea) in which he was interested, he refused to take the £47,000 to which he was entitled. Likewise he never claimed an award before the Commission; the £100,000 which he received was granted at the suggestion of the Ministry of Supply.

To the inventor of the Bailey bridge the War Office was less encouraging. The bridge would certainly not have been available in 1941 had not Sir (then Mr.) Donald Bailey of the War Office Experimental Bridging Establishment been perseveringly working on the idea for some years in his spare time and on his own initiative, despite official lack of interest in it. What finally induced the War Office to try it was the failure under test of a projected tubular bridge whose weakness Bailey had unavailingly pointed out in 1938. In the nick of time his bridge was adopted—and how our armies would have crossed their rivers without it is anybody's guess. The Commission fully appreciated the value of Sir Donald's contribution and awarded him £12,000 tax free.

THOUGH the Commission's biggest award so far—£120,000 (subject to tax) for improvements to the Halifax bomber's undercarriage system—has been in respect of patents used by the Government, the great majority have been gratuities made with no legal obligation. Sometimes they have not come up to claimants' expectations. Two Army officers and a corporal who originated and, with others, evolved the anti-mine flail device for tanks claimed £150,000, £65,000 and £10,000 respectively; what they got was £13,000, £2,000 and £100.

High among the inventions for which the Commission has made awards is the cavity magnetron, the ultra short-wave device that has been described as the "heart of radar." For this three university scientists shared £36,000. One of the most brilliant engineering feats was "Pluto," the cross-Channel pipeline. First thought to be impossible, the idea was taken in hand by the chief engineer of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and three other experts, and after exhaustive tests on the Thames and other waterways proved workable and outstandingly successful. The principal inventor got £9,000 and his three colleagues £6,000 between them.

FOR its initiative in designing and making a prototype of one of the war's most famous "little ships," the M.T.B., a Portsmouth ship-building firm received £35,000; for inventing a plastic armour which by the end of 1945 was fitted to 3,000 merchant ships and over 1,000 naval vessels, a war-time Captain, R.N.V.R., was awarded £9,500; for his work on the "Bombardon" floating breakwater, extensively used in the Mulberry harbours, another R.N.V.R. officer got £1,000; for the target indicator bomb a scientist was granted £1,500; for the Besa heavy machine-gun an engineering firm received £5,000 in royalties (having already had £244,000 from the Ministry of Supply). The range of ingenuity displayed before the Commissioners has been immense, and in examining the validity of the claims and assessing their cash value—to say nothing of seeing that the right man or firm got the award—they have had a most difficult job.

Projected but never implemented, one invention, perhaps the most unconventional of the whole war, never got beyond the blueprint stage and so did not have to tax the Commissioners' powers of judgment. This was "Habbakuk, the floating air station made of ice or, strictly, pykrete (ice plus wood pulp), 2,000 feet long, unmeltable, unsinkable, self-propelled by electric motors capable of seven knots, with a (*Continued on page 70*)

Dora couldn't make it add up

"When she had entered two or three laborious items in the account-book, Jip would walk over the page, wagging his tail, and smear them all out. Her own little right-hand middle finger got steeped to the very bone in ink . . ."

'DAVID COPPERFIELD', *by Charles Dickens*

No matter how she tried, Dora Copperfield's accounts just would not balance, and we know that her haphazard housekeeping severely taxed David's devotion. The woman of today does not need to contend with the complications of book-keeping—with an account with the Midland Bank her accounts are kept for her. The Bank supplies statements of her income and expenditure which tell her exactly where she stands. Then, too, she appreciates the advantages of paying bills by cheque, and uses her cheque-book as a day-to-day record of payments. Unlike Dora's, *her* accounts always 'add up'.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

You can feel the Quality

Wendy
WOOL

CARTER & PARKER LTD., GUISELEY, YORKSHIRE

Always ready to treat a cold-

VAPEX
INHALER

FOR HANDBAG OR POCKET

Ideal for use during the day, unobtrusive, convenient—simply pull off the cap. Easily recharged from Vapex bottle.

Of all Chemists
1/6

V263a THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

Parozone

CAN DO SO MUCH ABOUT THE HOUSE!

First choice among housewives who take pride in their homes, Parozone has no equal for Bed and Table Linens, Porcelain, Tiles, Glass and Crystal . . . or for freshening and purifying Sink and Lavatory Bowl. Follow the directions on the bottle label.

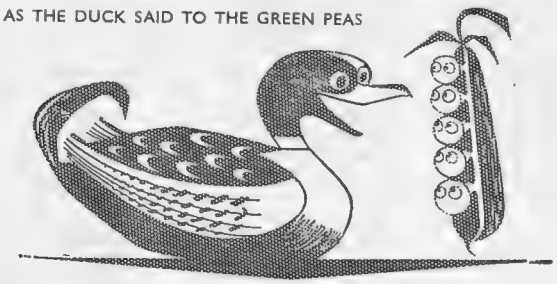
A HOUSEHOLD NAME FOR MORE THAN 60 YEARS

PAROZONE
REG°

DOES **MORE** THAN BLEACH

HEAD OFFICE: GLASGOW AND AT LONDON, NOTTINGHAM AND WOKING

● AS THE DUCK SAID TO THE GREEN PEAS



THEY DO DO YOU WELL AT THE

CAVENDISH EASTBOURNE

Where they know what the last word in comfort is

Proprietors: Pimm's Ltd. • Manager: P. Churchman • Telephone: Eastbourne 2740

cruising range of 7,000 miles, housing 200 Spitfires and 3,500 men. As it happened, this astounding sea-monster, with its enormous possibilities, was rendered unnecessary because of improvements in our war situation. But what a conception!

The record of the technological advances of the recent war re-affirms the truth of a well-worn cliché. Between 1939 and 1945 Mother Necessity gave birth to more prodigies of invention than she would produce in fifty peaceful years. Many of these have been examined by the Commission and duly rewarded. But the most portentous invention of all never came before it because it was born in America. *If* it had been perfected here, and *if* it had been eligible to be considered for an award, what price would the learned Commissioners have placed upon the atom bomb?

END

Pay-Off For Inventors

Savoury Subterfuge (*Continued from page 47*)

Make sauce tartare as follows:

SAUCE TARTARE

Ingredients: ½ pint white sauce (or, if possible, 1 gill mayonnaise and 1 gill white sauce); 1 dessertspoonful made mustard; 1 dessertspoonful chopped pickled gherkins; 1 dessertspoonful chopped pickled onions; vinegar; seasoning; 1 dessertspoonful chopped capers or chopped parsley; ½ teaspoonful anchovy essence.

Mix the mustard to a paste with a little vinegar. Mix into mayonnaise. Mix other ingredients well in and use.

PILAFF

Ingredients: Left-over cooked rabbit; 2 oz. margarine; rabbit stock; 4 oz. rice or riced macaroni; ½ teacupful chopped nuts; 2 oz. raisins; seasoning; onion finely-sliced.

Break rabbit into small pieces. Fry onion till brown in a little dripping, add rabbit and fry a few minutes longer, add a little stock, nuts and raisins; heat all gently through. Meanwhile put rice into ½ pint of boiling stock. Simmer till tender and stock cooked away, about 20 minutes; drain rice. Season; remove rabbit, etc., from frying-pan with a strainer spoon; add to rice with margarine. Mix all well over low flame. Pile on a hot dish with border of peas.

END

Books (*Continued from page 32*)

wilful, wayward, fascinating, exasperating friend—and incidentally a slick, eruptive picture of U.S. stage and film bohemia.

TO measure the authenticity of Alexander Foote's **"Handbook for Spies"** (Museum Press, 10s. 6d.), one would have to be not a reviewer but a spy oneself. He admits that the only written evidence is in the press cuttings of his trial after he was arrested by the Swiss in November '43; he is much too vague about his career before he joined the International Brigade in Spain in '37 as a prelude to becoming a spy for Red Army Intelligence. But he does give a most absorbing, detailed and alarming account of the Soviet spy ring in Switzerland during the war and its international ramifications to-day. One may say of the book as of the Loch Ness monster: if it's all true it's terrific.

NAOMI JACOB'S latest preoccupations at her lovely Italian retreat have been dogs, cats and other pets and Mary Queen of Scots. In **"Me and Mine (You and Yours)"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), she writes dotingly of animals she has known and loved and some belonging to famous friends; pet-lovers will enjoy her anecdotes. **"Mary of Delight"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) is a romantic bio-novel concerned mainly—and vividly—with Mary's love affairs: Bothwell, Darnley, Rizzio. The very modern dialogue doesn't pretend to be even imitation (or stockbroker's) Tudor. Mary says "Maybe," "well, not too bad," and "I wish to push on to Berwick," Darnley: "Damn it!" and "To hell with the lot of you."

WHAT an event a new Joyce Cary novel has become! **"A Fearful Joy"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), refers to Tabitha Baskett's strange obsession in the worthless charmer Bonser who betrays her innocence as a suburban doctor's daughter, abandons her with child, keeps popping up at various stages of her life when she is linked with other men—including a husband, an elderly industrial peer—eventually marries her himself, dies dropsically in her arms, and still haunts her old age. An inimitable Cary situation straight from *The Horse's Mouth*, developed at the Cary pace, with a sardonic slant on the *Yellow Book* '90's.

THE tempest of the '89 French Revolution sweeps—one might almost say howls—through Dennis Wheatley's **"The Rising Storm"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), a further adventure of Roger Brook, Pitt's secret agent, with Isabella d'Aranda and the seductive Georgina for love interest. Drama, romance, suspense at typical Wheatley pitch.

The Revolution is also the background of Francis Gérard's **"The Flail and the Fish"** (MacDonald, 10s. 6d.), whose hero, the Comte de Bussac, typifies the Court and *ancien régime* in their relation to the new order and its new tyrannies. It focuses the conflict from above rather than below, with intimate portraits of Marie-Antoinette and her loyal circle.

WINSTON CLEWES is quieter, slower, more reflective, but as sure in his way. I found deep interest in **"Troy and the Maypole"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), a study of three friends—two of them brothers—whose youthful traits determine their future lives, particularly in relation to a fourth, the girl Sibul, who marries the unstable one who proves unfaithful to her, and then asks: "what went wrong?" A novel of character which further enhances a steadily growing reputation.

OSWALD WYND'S tale of modern Japan, **"The Stubborn Flower"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), has no Madame Butterfly for heroine—far from it. Setsue has a child by her English lover, but when he marries a U.S. girl, doesn't commit suicide. Instead, she joins a newspaper, becomes a star journalist and champion of women's rights, and still holds his affections strongly enough to produce a triangle conflict.

W. TOWNEND tackles an up-to-date theme in **"Yonder is the Sea"** (Rich and Cowan, 9s. 6d.). An S O S calls Captain Tenerden's ship to a blazing one in the Mediterranean carrying illegal immigrants to Palestine. He is sympathetic to Jews, having received his start in life from a kindly couple. But after the rescue there is a mutiny, and he, ironically, is a victim. Racial problems add to the drama of a vigorous sea story.

OTHER books recommended to readers include:

"Tigers have Claws," by Bruce Graeme (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Love and Apron Strings,"** by Berta Ruck (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Cat of Many Tails,"** by Ellery Queen (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.); **"Outward Be Fair,"** by Dennis Parry (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.); **"The Calm Lady,"** by Jane England (Hurst and Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Moonshine and Moses,"** by Sinbad (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.); **"The Man Who Made Friends with Himself,"** by Christopher Morley (Faber, 10s. 6d.); **"The Broken Moon,"** by Dorothy Black (Cassell, 8s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Personalia" reminiscences of East and West by Rom Landau (Faber, 21s.); **"The Green Beret,"** the story of the Commandos, by Hilary St. George Saunders (Michael Joseph, 15s.); **"Art and Science,"** a study of Alberti, Piero della Francesca and Giorgione by Adrian Stokes (Faber, 15s.); **"The Wisdom of Israel,"** an anthology compiled and annotated by Lewis Browne (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.); **"Flower of Cities,"** a book of London with sketches and studies by twenty-two authors (Max Parrish, 18s. 6d.); **"A Doctor Regrets . . ."** being the first part of **"A Publisher Presents Himself,"** by Donald McI. Johnson (Christopher Johnson, 12s. 6d.); **"Her Majesty Queen Mary,"** an authoritative portrait of a great lady in her years as Queen Mother, by Louis Wulff, M.V.O. (Sampson Low, Marston, 12s. 6d.); **"An Englishman in New York,"** a record of a holiday in New York written and illustrated by Francis Marshall (Foley House Press, 10s. 6d.); **"I Return To Wales,"** by S. P. B. Mais, illustrated with photographs taken by the author (Christopher Johnson, 12s. 6d.); **"Old Caillie,"** the story of a hen capercailzie in the forests of Norway, written and illustrated by Arnt Hvidsten (William Hodge, 9s.); **"Hearts-Ease"** herbs for the heart by Mrs. C. F. Leyel (Faber, 21s.); **"Worcestershire,"** another in the Vision of England Series, by Tudor Edwards (Paul Elek, 15s.); **"Mountains in Colour,"** by Frank S. Smythe, with fifty-seven magnificent colour photographs by the author (Max Parrish, 25s.); two further additions to the Faber Gallery Books **"Seurat,"** with an introduction and notes by R. H. Wilenski and **"Turner"** with an introduction and notes by John Rothenstein (Faber, 8s. 6d. each); **"The Indianapolis Records,"** a firsthand account by Alan Hess, who with three other co-drivers last spring broke sixty-three American records by driving an Austin Atlantic convertible continuously for seven days and nights at an average speed of over 70 m.p.h. (Stuart and Richards, 10s. 6d.) **"Somerset,"** by M. Lovett Turner (Robert Hale, 15s.) is a book that will delight all who know this delectable county intimately, as well as those who have merely passed through, hoping to return. **"Ashcombe,"** by Cecil Beaton (Batsford, 15s.), described as the story of a fifteen year lease, but actually the story of how the author transformed a derelict ruin into an idyllic home and the brilliant guests he entertained there. The weekend guests included Rex Whistler, Augustus John, Tilly Losch, Lord David Cecil and many others and the parties and *fêtes champêtres* were occasions which are likely never to be forgotten either by the guests or their host. **"The Sun-Drenched Veld,"** by Katharine Simms (Evans, 9s. 6d.); **"Wanderings In Scotland"** by William T. Palmer (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.); **"Picasso,"** an intimate portrait by Jaime Sabartes (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.); **"Piccadilly Pageant,"** by Simon Dewes (Rich and Cowan, 16s.); **"The Lamp of Memory,"** by Desmond Chapman-Huston (Skeffington, 18s.); **"Fannie Farmer's Boston Cook Book,"** (Harrap, 15s.); **"Happy Pilgrimage,"** further reminiscences of Sir Harry Brittain (Hutchinson, 20s.); **"Children's Games Throughout The Year,"** by Leslie Daiken (Batsford, 18s.); a reprint of Laurence Sterne's **"Tristram Shandy,"** (Macdonald's Illustrated Classics, 8s. 6d.).

END

The General's Lady (*Continued from page 8*)

She was thrown from her horse while hunting. There were, I believe, tales of reckless riding. Because of her broken heart, apparently. You know the sort of sentimental rubbish that is talked.

"My father did not go through the family papers. He left them where they were: locked up. How do I account for this? I think he wasn't interested. I have told you that he was, like myself, not a Courtenay, physically, mentally or temperamentally, and that he resembled his mother. I think it was more than a resemblance, and that there was a strong bond, an affinity, between them. I'm inclined to think the Courtenays and their lineage meant nothing to his mother, and that she was, in fact, bored by the whole thing. And he was equally bored. And so the whole of the Courtenay family papers came to me unwinnowed and, indeed, unlooked at."

Sir Napier smiled. "And what of myself? Even less a Courtenay, perhaps, than my father, I followed in his footsteps. To be frank, I was bored by the Courtenay lineage, the Courtenay traditions, and the honourable service of countless Courtenays on land and sea. And so I left the papers where my father had left them. I did promise myself that one day I would go through them. But somehow or other that day never came, and until your letter arrived to remind me, I had for many years completely forgotten them. And now you come along and want to write my grandfather's life. I am, as I have told you, more than agreeable, and all that very considerable mass of material is completely at your service."

It was then that he had astounded me by saying that of course I should want to have the papers with me in London and that he saw no objection at all to this, as he was sure they would be safe in my keeping.

That was how I was able to study the Courtenay family papers at my leisure and to come upon as intriguing a little affair as has ever been my pleasure to find.

MY first piece of good fortune was to discover that Sir Warren's journal was there complete, and bound in eight large volumes. It was written in a beautiful and most legible script, the first entry being New Year's Day, 1822, and the last July 18, 1857. And, as I was quickly to learn, there was not one day of those thirty-five years without its entry, if no more than a line or two. It would prove invaluable for my work, and its discovery, so complete and full and factual, pleased me greatly, but did not thrill me, for I had expected it. The thrill awaited my next find.

It was in a small packet, tied with orange ribbon and sealed with wax of the same colour. I broke the seal, untied the ribbon, and opened the packet. It was a packet of love letters. They were, I quickly realized, addressed to Sir Warren's young wife, Esther. They were not from Sir Warren. And they were written to her after she had become Lady Courtenay.

Here was a pretty little problem in ethics. What ought I to do? Destroy them unread or read them? Was a knowledge of their contents necessary to me as Sir Warren's biographer? Even if it were, could I quote from them? Or even mention them at all?

I decided to read them. This decision may be ascribed to unworthy curiosity. It was certainly curiosity but surely merely human rather than unworthy. I was fully justified in my decision, for the whole of the Courtenay papers had been lent to me without any reservations whatever.

And so I read them. And fascinating reading they were and sent me from one search to another.

How in the name of reason and common sense, not to mention common caution, had they come to survive? Why had not Esther destroyed them? Yes, I asked myself that. And I answered myself. She could not bring herself to destroy them. She loved the man who wrote them and after his death they were trebly dear. And so she kept them. She promised herself she would destroy them one day. Some day before she died. And, after all, there was no longer any great risk for once Sir Warren was dead there was little danger of their being read by other eyes than hers. Perhaps the thought that she might die suddenly did not occur to her. Or if it did she brushed it away. And so she kept the letters and, their existence unsuspected by her son and grandson, they came to me.

I shall not quote those letters either here or elsewhere. Their words belong to the man who wrote them and to the woman whom they were written to and to no-one else; and by reading them myself I have perhaps stepped beyond the borders of decency. They were very passionate letters. They began in September, 1954, a few weeks after Sir Warren had left England for the Crimea; and the last one was dated the first of June, 1856. There were fifty-eight of them.

In them Lady Courtenay was addressed as "darling Esther"; or "darling Essie"; or sometimes as "my own darling"; and the writer signed himself variously, "Richard," "Dick," "Ricky" and, quite frequently, "Scobie."

Two things were plain to me by the time I had read the first two or three letters; that Esther and this Richard had known one another for some time before her marriage and had been on terms of the warmest friendship, if no more; that he was a painter but not a very prosperous one; and that something had happened either just before or, more likely, just after Esther's marriage to change that friendship to love on both sides.

During the fifteen months when Sir Warren was at the Crimean War his wife had, it was clear from the letters, spent a good deal of time in London and while she was there had plainly had not infrequent opportunities of seeing the writer of the letters, opportunities of which she had taken every advantage. There was nothing very much out of the way in this. The Courtenays as well as Esther's people, the Colthrops, had friends and relatives living in or near London and it was to be expected that they would invite the young wife to mitigate the solitude of her life at The Towers by frequent visits to London. Doubtless she was discreet in her affairs with this Richard; but even if her friends suspected that something of the sort were afoot they would probably have been not unsympathetic and would, in the accepted fashion, have been diplomatically blind and deaf so long as the traditional *convenances* were observed by the two young people concerned. Nor could Sir Warren reasonably have objected to his young and beautiful wife occasionally exchanging the rather gloomy magnificence of The Towers for the gaiety of the metropolis.

I began to be very interested in comparing the dates of Sir Warren's letters from the front with the dates of the entries in his journal and the dates of the letters from Ricky to Essie. I did not of course expect to find any synchronization or merging or clashing of events while Sir Warren was away; but I thought there would be comment in his journal or his letters upon his wife's London visits and I did indeed come upon many of these comments, chiefly in his letters, and these were without exception couched in the warmest and most affectionate terms: clearly Sir Warren approved of these visits and had no suspicion of what was happening.

He wrote a letter from Scutari, dated October 15, 1855, in which he said he was now completely recovered; that he hoped to be leaving for England before the end of the month but he could make no definite promise as there was great congestion at the only ports available to the allies. But he would, he said, without any doubt be home in time for Christmas and he promised to send a telegram as soon as his ship berthed in England. He added a postscript: "Whether the telegram will arrive at The Towers before I do is a question even the wizard Morse could not answer." The telegraph was then still something of a marvel and the postscript evidently referred to this as well as to the marvel's uncertainty.

The telegram did not arrive before its sender. Apparently it did not arrive at all and Esther, unaware that her husband was in England, got back to The Towers after a brief visit to London only a few hours before Sir Warren's arrival.

As has been noted, her greeting was most affectionate and wifely: a reward to the gallant General for the hardships endured in his country's service during the past fifteen months: a reward whose happy result was the birth, the following September, of the fraternal twins Moore and Stephen.

But a letter from Ricky, dated the day Sir Warren reached home, shed a very different light upon everything. It was perfectly clear from the letter that Esther had spent a part or whole of the previous night in Ricky's arms and that this was not the first time that there had been intimacy between them. But this time, apparently, there had been a difference, for the letter was lyrical in its passionate praise of the joy they had *at last so completely shared*. I have underlined those five words because they are an actual quotation and seem to make it plain that something had occurred which had not happened previously. If that is not the explanation what did the writer mean by "at last" and again by "completely"?

Affectionate as had been Esther's welcome to her husband it was clear that she must have endured his embraces with repugnance, for Ricky's letters presently make frequent references to this delicate matter. They are odd references; hardly, one would think, the words of a passionate lover. He does not beg her to break up so distressing an association and come to him. Rather does he enjoin patience and a measure of fortitude; of making the best of a bad job. Passionate and lyrically couched as the letters were there was a selfish flavour about them, plain enough to me but apparently hidden from the beloved Essie. Ricky loved her. There was no doubt of that: as much as he was capable of loving anyone but himself. She was an enchanting mistress but he did not want her as a wife. He couldn't afford a wife. As for the affair becoming public the very idea was too shocking to contemplate by one of his temperament; was utterly abhorrent; at all costs its secrecy must be preserved.

One point I was never to clear up: who was the go-between in this correspondence? The letters obviously came to The Towers but they must have been enclosed in a letter to someone else: any other course would have been too dangerous.

It would have been quite soon in the New Year that Esther found herself pregnant and it may be imagined with what contrasted dismay and delight she and Sir Warren received the news. To Sir Warren there was an even chance of a son and heir to replace the ill-starred little Clive. To Esther there was the certain prospect of dreary months of anxiety and at the end the possible discovery of her adultery with Richard. Was she already a little disillusioned with that temperamental young man, seeing through and beyond his passionate protestations of love to the stark fact of his utter selfishness? Probably not, for there was no sign of any change in her feelings in Ricky's letter. She had told him of her pregnancy as soon as she was certain and I was a little surprised at his casual way of taking it. "You must take care of yourself, darling," he wrote and I thought how tepid that trite phrase must have sounded to her. He did not seem to realize that there might be something about the babe which would arouse Sir Warren's suspicions and begin an inquiry which would reveal everything; and apparently Esther, in her desire to save him any anxiety, refrained from pointing out any unpleasant possibilities.

How relieved she must have been when the twins were born: the one a true Courtenay; the other so like herself; clearly the offspring, it must have seemed to her, of the licit and not the illicit embrace.

It was at this point in my examination of my material that I found myself becoming intensely curious (*Continued on page 72*)

as to Ricky's identity: so curious indeed that I felt I could not continue my work until that question was settled. And so I called upon my friend Walter Paston at the National Gallery to see if he could help me. And as soon as our greetings were over I came straight to the point: Was there, I asked, any record of a young portrait painter living in London in the 'fifties of the nineteenth century with the christian name of Richard and a surname possibly like Scobie.

Paston is a remarkable man and I was sure he would be able to dig out something; but I admit I was unprepared for his saying offhand, with a smile as if it were common knowledge: "You mean Richard Scobert. He was very third-rate."

"Is there a portrait of him anywhere?" I asked.

"Yes. In the Tate. It's not a self-portrait or it wouldn't be there. It was painted by G. F. Watts at the height of his youthful genius. The picture is called "Table Talk" and shows a group of young men (Watts among them) sitting talking round a table. They were probably all friends of Watts's and all painters. And one of them is Richard Scobert. He is painted full face and smiling; a lovely piece of work; how it must have filled him with despair and perhaps with envy."

"I don't think Richard Scobert was likely to feel despair or envy," I said; "I imagine he thought Watts very small potatoes beside himself."

Paston nodded. "But the mediocrities haven't always thick skins. That's the devil of it. Or I should say, the hell. You'd better trot over to the Tate and see it. Ask for Philip Hennings and say I sent you along."

"Thanks, I will," I said. "And can you tell me what became of young Scobert?"

"He was killed in June, 1856." I must have made some nervous movement, or my expression betrayed my feelings, for he added quickly: "Does that startle you?"

"Well, a little perhaps. How did it happen?"

"He was thrown out, or fell out, of a hansom and broke his neck. He had been to the Derby that day and had apparently won a good deal of money and was celebrating not too wisely."

I thanked him, took my leave, and went over to the Tate. I asked for Mr Hennings and told him my errand. He took me along to the picture and as we reached it he said: "It is one of Watts's most masterly paintings. It is superb. When Watts abandoned portraiture for his allegorical paintings it was an incalculable loss to the English Art of the portrait. Unhappily much of his portraiture is forgotten now except by painters and I doubt if more than a few hundred people living to-day know of the existence of this picture; and of those, probably only a score or so have seen it."

But I was not listening. For, smiling at me from the painted canvas, was the face of Sir Napier Courtenay; and as I stared at that handsome familiar face the whole story was clear to me. The elder of the twins born to Esther was the son of Richard Scobert (already then three months dead). The younger, Stephen, was the son of Sir Warren. Fortunately, Moore, the elder, favoured his mother and not his father; but even had the

babe shown considerable likeness to Scobert, Esther (to whom the possibility of a double conception would not have occurred), would have been blind to it; or would have denied the evidence of her senses; or have considered it merely as an odd coincidence. Sir Warren would have had no cause to suspect anything. Even had the child been utterly unlike either parent it would have needed more biological knowledge than Sir Warren, or any of his contemporaries possessed (or dreamed of) to send him questing for information. He had not the slightest notion that such double conceptions are not only possible but by no means uncommon. And biology, in so far as it concerned the sexual congress, he would have considered much too indelicate to discuss.

The likeness which Scobert had failed to stamp upon his son had come down to his grandson, Sir Napier Courtenay, who had no blood right to the baronetcy and estate, any more than his father had, whatever right they had by law.

It may be asked why I, as Sir Warren's biographer, have revealed this bizarre skeleton in the family cupboard. The answer is that it can now hurt or distress no-one. The Courtenay line is extinct. Sir Napier was killed at Dunkirk. Less than a year later a German bomber, returning from an attack on Coventry, jettisoned its remaining bombs haphazard as it flew back. They fell on The Towers, partly destroying the fine old house and killing Lady Courtenay, little Lawrence the heir, and a dozen of the staff.

END

The Classic Mystery Of The "Mary Celeste"

(*Continued from page* 20)

vessel safely into wind, and shouted for Briggs who had gone below to help his wife to safety, convinced that the *Mary Celeste* was on the point of foundering. It was at this precise moment that Pemberton heard a succession of terrible screams.

The cook ran to the captain's room, and returned to tell Hullock he "felt sick in the stomach" at what he had seen; crushed and pinned to the bulkhead by the piano, which the squall had wrenched adrift, Mrs. Briggs was dead. Pemberton had helped the captain shift the heavy instrument, but there was no hope for the unfortunate woman. At dawn, the mate informed the crew of the tragedy, adding: "The Old Man's slowly going mad, sitting by her side whimpering like a —— child!" Thereafter, as the *Mary Celeste* ran into dark, lowering storm clouds, Hullock got steadily drunk until, towards nightfall, he told the men he intended burying the dead woman.

By now, the island of Saint Michael was little more than twelve hours sailing-time distant, and the three *Dei Gratia* seamen told Hullock it had been arranged between Captain Moorhouse and Briggs that they should be put ashore on the island to rejoin their own ship. The news appeared to startle Hullock, who was on his way to the cabin to arrange the burial service.

He was met by the menacing figure of Briggs, who swore that he intended taking his wife's body ashore, *to denounce the mate as her murderer.* Hullock lost no time; he attacked Briggs, overpowered him, had the body wrapped in canvas, then, without prayer or hymn, committed it to the deep. He returned to find that Briggs had barricaded himself inside the cabin, and a strange atmosphere settled over the *Mary Celeste*; it was broken—or worsened—on November 26, when Briggs appeared on deck, mustered the crew, ordered them to seize Sanson, sew him up in canvas and bury him *for murdering his wife!* Hullock intervened, a violent scuffle ensued, and the two men fell headlong down the companion-way into the cabin; when the mate reappeared he was drunk, and carried several bottles of rye-whisky which he handed to the crew, after which he told them it was the captain's wish that they "bury the murdering piano." Late that night the men heard captain and mate cursing each other . . . and by dawn Captain Briggs had gone, and was never seen again. Pemberton swore he had committed suicide after the piano went overboard.

NEXT day, with Venholdt as spokesman, the crew told Hullock they wanted no more to do with him, an ultimatum which ended with a violent attack by the mate on Venholdt whom he nearly brained with a heavy bucket. Hullock told the rest of the crew he would "keep silent if they did." Sanson was for burning the *Mary Celeste* and leaving in the boats, but the *Dei Gratia* men objected. With landfall in sight, Venholdt recovered, demanded that the mate "give me the chance to get my own back," felled his adversary with the same bucket used on his own head . . . and in the free-for-all battle that followed, Venholdt lost his foothold, fell overboard and went down immediately.

A few hours later, in a native bumboat which was alongside offering to trade, with Dossell and Sanson, Hullock left the *Mary Celeste* for ever; at dawn, under the command of Tom Moffat *the ship set out in search of the Dei Gratia.* The cook was preparing breakfast when Manning, at the wheel, yelled: "Sail in sight!" Less than half an hour later the four men stepped aboard the *Dei Gratia*, which entered Gibraltar Roads at sun-up, December 13, and was closely followed by the "deserted" *Mary Celeste* under a salvage crew.

Moorhouse first endeavoured to see the U.S. Consul, but was unable to do so; he next called on the British authorities, to whom he reported three items: first, his "salvage" claim; second, a clean bill-of-health in his own ship; finally, *one passenger* aboard the *Dei Gratia.* At no later stage of the official inquiry did anyone trouble to ascertain the true identity of that "one passenger," John Pemberton!

On December 16, 1872, when Captain Moorhouse paid-off the cook, last articled member of the crew of the ill-fated ex-coastwise collier, the *Liverpool Mercury* published an item of news: "The brigantine *Mary Celeste*, New York to Genoa, derelict, at Gibraltar, brought in by three men of the brigantine *Dei Gratia.*" And from what was obviously a reasonably straightforward case of salvage, the authorities—in particular Attorney-General Solly-Flood — created a "mystery" which need never have existed, and which at one stage in the proceedings led to bitter denunciations of each other by American and British investigators.

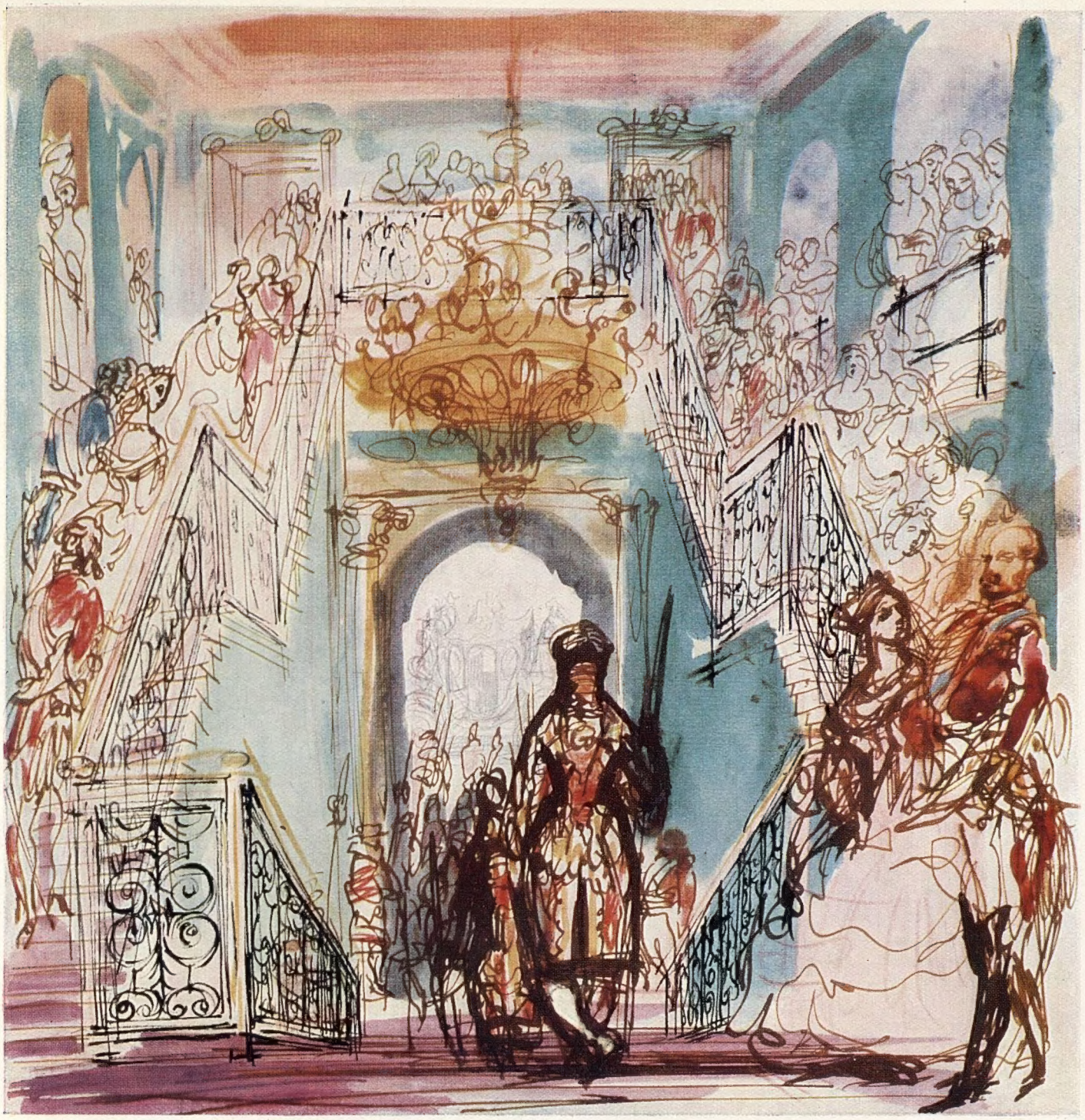
The subsequent story of the Court of Inquiry has been told too often to merit repetition; the case closed with an award to Moorhouse of £1,700. And, despite frantic S O S messages for Pemberton, the one man who could have scotched every "mystery," the cook was never found. In fact, he reached Southampton in the S.S. *Colombian*, December 23, 1872, returned to his home in Liverpool, signed articles in the ship *Bowfell*, sailed for Calcutta; he returned to Merseyside the following October, signed articles in the *Ellen Bates*, sailed for Bombay, and "worked the coast" of India for some years afterwards.

Hullock joined a British barque, and died in hospital at Curaçao, May 19, 1887. Dossel got himself a job as assistant shipwright on the Mersey, returned to America, came back to England, hawked patent medicines from a bicycle in North Wales, and died near Shrewsbury in 1917. The body of Peter Sansan was taken from the Hudson River two years after the *Mary Celeste* "mystery" first became world headline news.

END

1.1.50

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.



NEW WORDS FOR NEW TIMES

The grand staircase has gone the way of the grand manner. ESCALATOR is the word today. And SCHWEPPERVESCENCE too. Schweppes quietly lending its name to the language concentrates on proving that whether we walk or ride upstairs schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through.

Cherry Baskets

Fill short crust cases with a little jam and a lot of double-thick custard . . . and here's the trick! The custard must be as creamy, as colourful, as flavourful *as only Bird's can make it*. Use angelica for handles and cherries for decoration.

REGD.

Be sure of delicious fun . . . make these with BIRD'S CUSTARD

Party Oranges

Cut oranges in half, leaving zig-zag edges. Mix orange pulp with chopped orange jelly (Bird's, of course) and put in shells. Fill up with Bird's rich, creamy custard and top with cherries. Bird's *unvarying* quality makes these a dream to prepare and eat!